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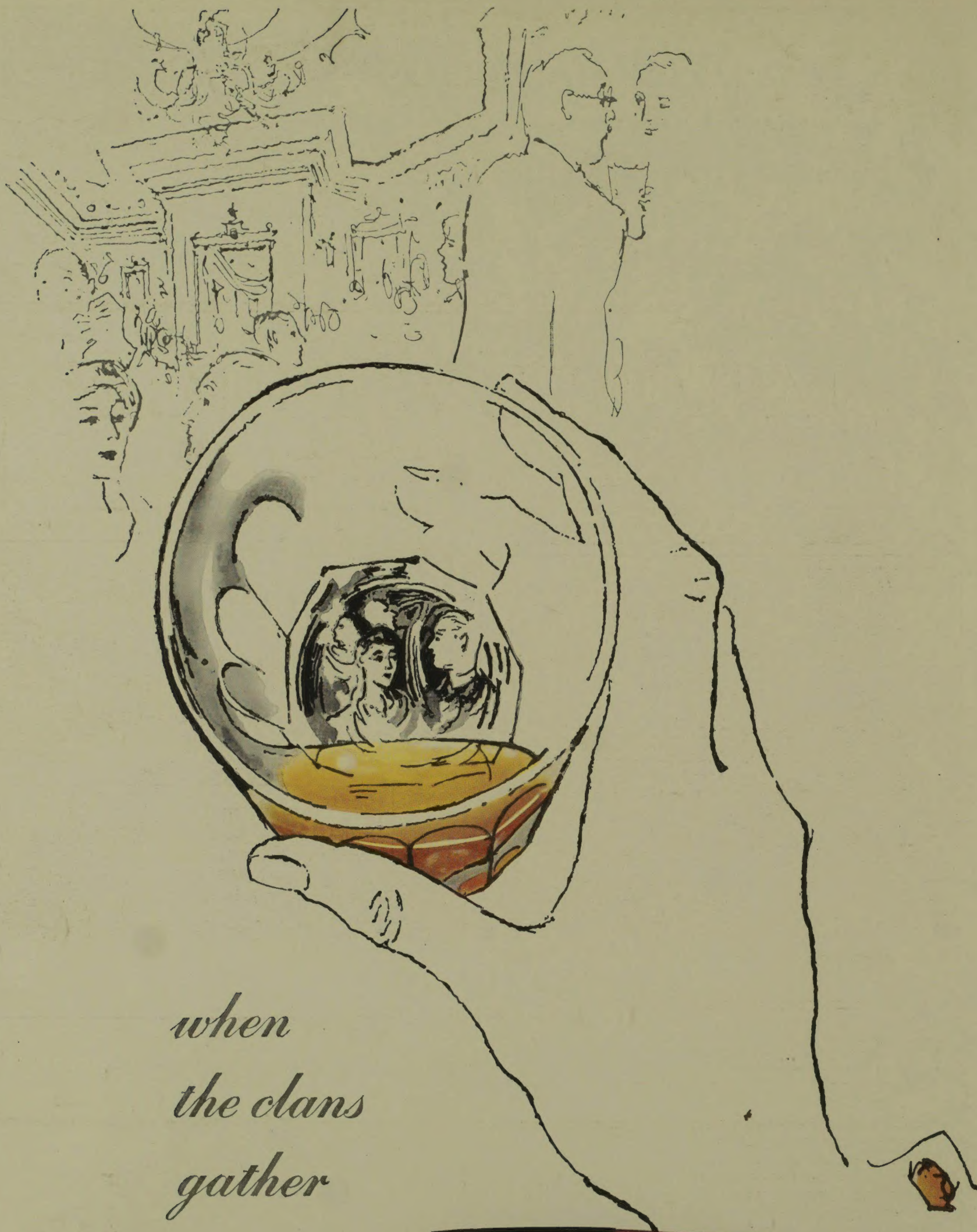
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It is by persistent, careful attention to finer points that the supremely excellent distinguishes itself from that which is just very good. **BENSON and HEDGES** cigarettes are made from the finest of fine tobaccos to be worthy of every occasion...



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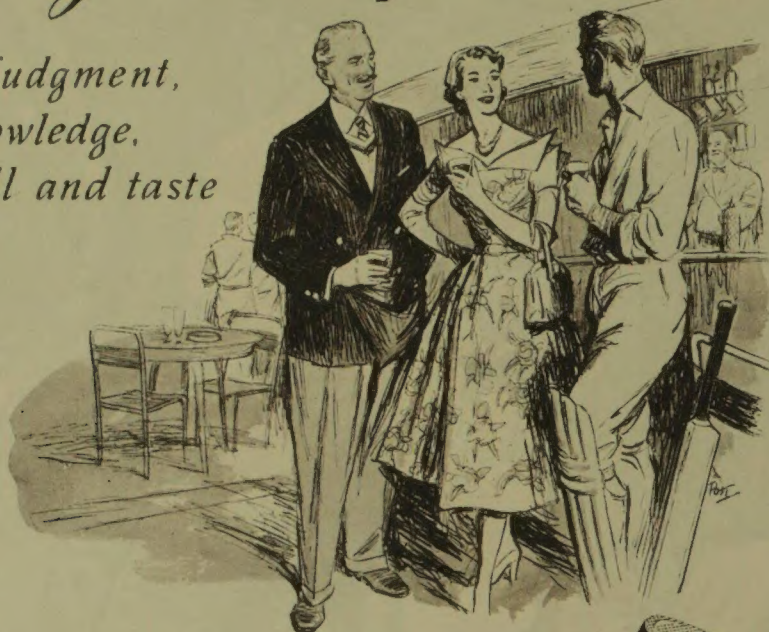
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knowledge,
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*'Quality
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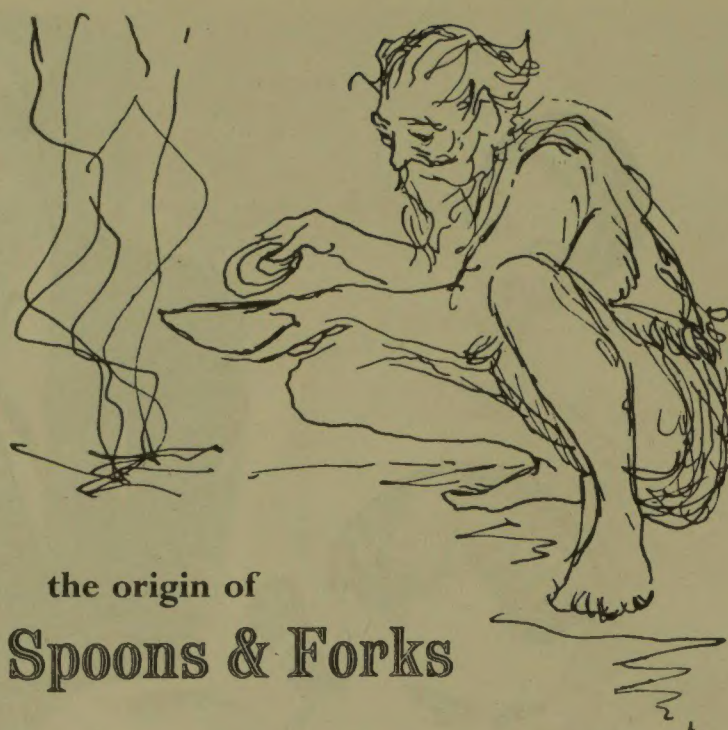


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SCOTCH WHISKY



the origin of Spoons & Forks

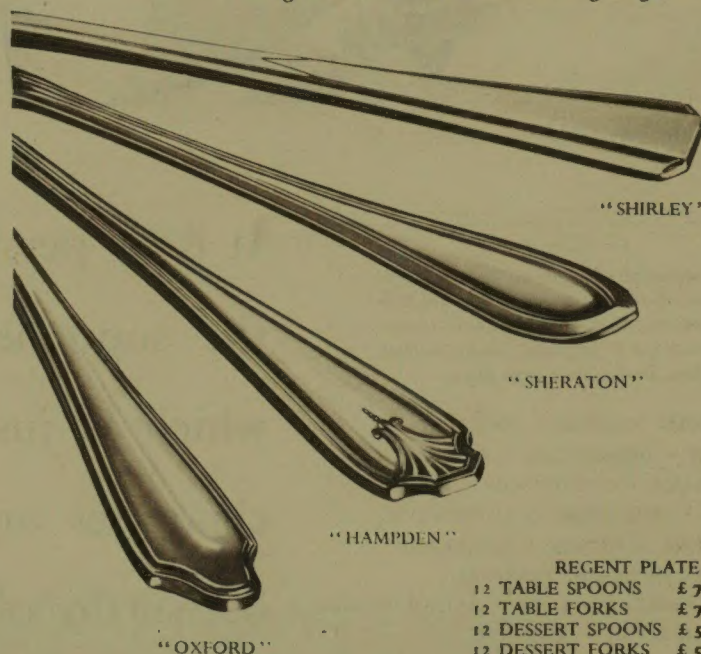
Primitive man cut up his food with a hunting knife and ate it with the aid of shells and pieces of hollowed horn.

These were probably the first spoons.

The hunting knife — the original of all knives — which was also used for carving food, came to be supplemented by a smaller knife or skewer for steadying the meat when it was being carved, or to carry the meat to the plate or trencher.

By the time of the first Queen Elizabeth each person would have his own knife and spoon, but there was probably only one fork to a household—a carving fork. Not until the beginning of the 18th century could a guest expect his own knife, spoon and fork—the full modern complement of cutlery.

Garrard and Co. offer you the widest choice of canteens of cutlery in Sterling Silver and Regent Plate, made in the most graceful designs.



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12 TABLE SPOONS	£7. 10. 0
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FAULTLESS BRAKING

...only one of the gifts of the DAIMLER CONQUEST

The brakes of the Daimler Conquest are the kind that give you real confidence — *all the time*. There is no tendency to 'fade', and no danger of accidental wheel-lock. The moment the brake pedal is applied, it brings into play an extremely powerful braking system whose action is always smoothly progressive.

Brilliant acceleration and road holding. Such brakes are certainly in keeping with the performance of the Conquest, with its brilliant acceleration and high top speed. The road holding qualities are outstanding too, so that you can corner at speed with verve and confidence. Luxury features

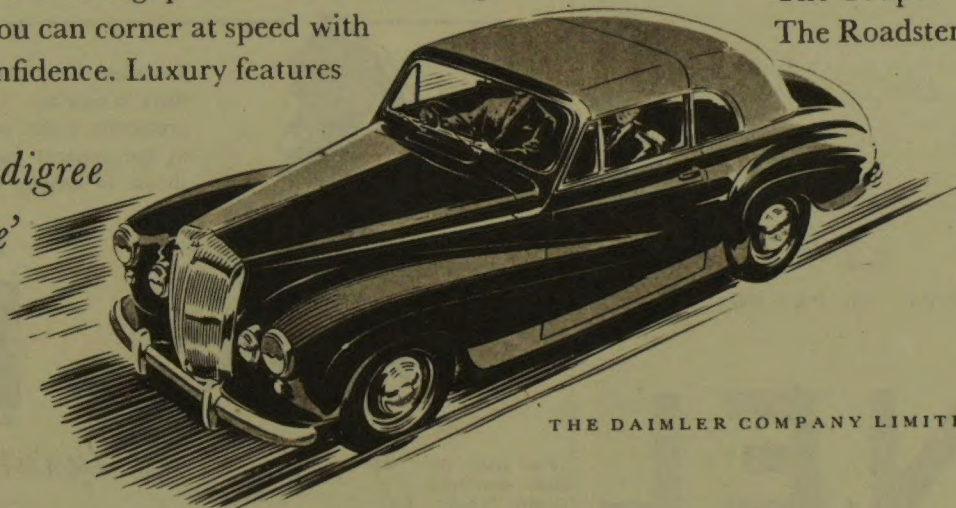
include preselector fluid transmission and automatic chassis lubrication.

More rear-seat leg space. The Conquest is a fine-looking car, combining Daimler dignity with dash. It is also roomy and comfortable, the new model having more room in the rear, with wider opening doors. Price £1511.5.10 including purchase tax.

OTHER CONQUEST MODELS

The 'Conquest Century' £1661. 9. 2. incl.
The Coupé £1736. 10. 10. incl.
The Roadster £1672. 15. 10. incl.

*'Out of pedigree
comes pace'*



The Conquest Coupé
100 bhp. Bigger brakes.
The powered drophead, operated by a button under the dash, is adjustable to three positions—open, 'de ville' and closed.



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of
Genova*

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IS THE IDEAL MODEL FOR THE NEW LOW NECKLINE**

BALLET P

Extra deep half cup bra in sheer PERLON taffeta. Note wide
spacing of shoulder straps for extra comfort in wear **19/11**

BALLET PM

An elegant version as shown is also available with circular
stitched cups of PERLON Marquisette, with foam rubber padded
under cups and elastic frontal inserts **29/6**

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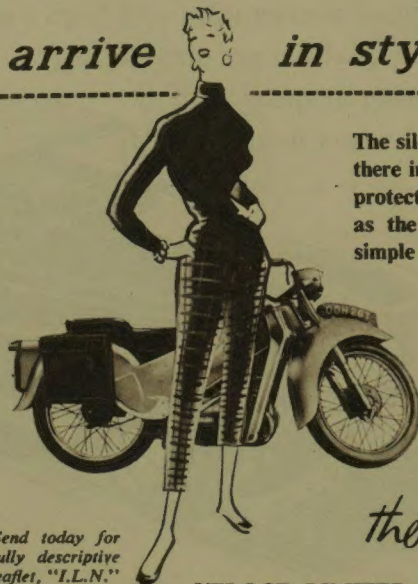
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The silent Velocette L.E. gets you
there in comfort. Generous weather
protection keeps you just as clean and smart
as the moment you set out. Easy to start,
simple to handle, it's just the thing for you.

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SMOOTHLY... SILENTLY... SAFELY

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Send today for
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For a sweet aperitif

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drink



MARTINI

vermouth

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Perfect Recipe**

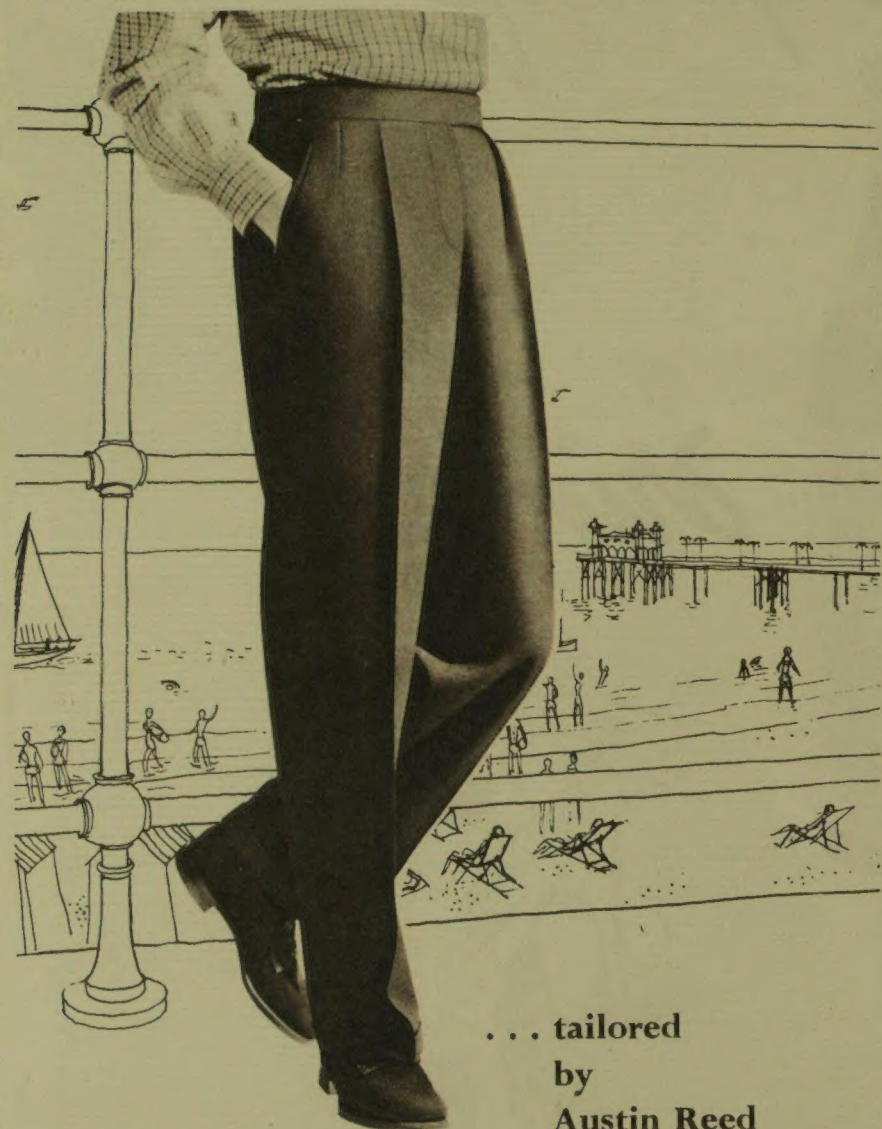
A glass of Martini Sweet Vermouth,
well chilled and with a twist of
lemon peel makes the perfect
aperitif before lunch or dinner.

(In a bar ask for

'A Sweet Martini Vermouth')

Sports trousers

with these extras men asked for



... tailored
by
Austin Reed

We asked men what *they* wanted in sports trousers before we produced *our* new ones. Some said, 'neater hang at the back as well as in front'; others said, 'give us a self-adjusting top and prevent bulging in front when we sit down'; many said, 'let's have a flexible inside waistband that keeps our shirts from rucking up'; all wanted 'a self-locking zip front'. We tailored all these *extras* into a more than usually wide choice of materials . . . and produced the Austin Reed Sports Trousers that have everything men want. So this year, before buying *your* new sports trousers, come in and see *ours*.

CHOOSE YOUR CLOTH AND COLOUR
Worsted Flannels in mid-grey, dark grey and lovat (this year's smartest shade). Summer gabardines in fawn, brown and lovat. Cavalry twills in a warm shade of fawn. Slanted side pockets, two hip pockets, all with holeproof linings.

GET YOUR CORRECT FIT
Seven leg lengths in most waist sizes. Come in and try on your new Austin Reed Sports Trousers. **£5.15.6**



AUSTIN REED
Of Regent Street

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Nº1

the big

15

minute

cigarette



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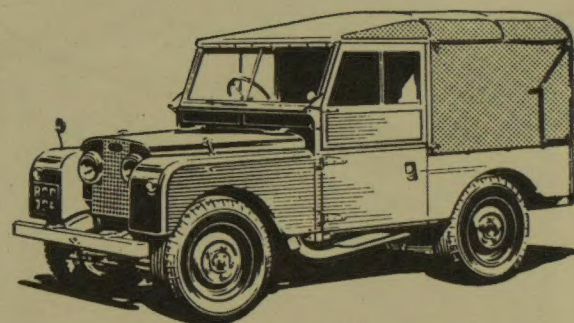
No vehicle makes such light work of heavy duty on the farm as the Land-Rover and no vehicle tackles such a wide variety of jobs so cheerfully in the less green fields of Industry. Versatility, endurance, *toughness*—these are what the name 'Land-Rover' stands for all over the world. That thrustful 4-wheel drive gets through anywhere any time. And not only can the Land-Rover get to the scene of operations over surfaces that would defeat other vehicles, but it can also take power to the job, thanks to its two alternative power take-off points.

The powerful 52 BHP engine now incorporates a number of new long-life features that will still further enhance the Land-Rover's reputation for achieving the almost impossible in next to no time.

- FOUR-WHEEL DRIVE
- 8 SPEEDS FORWARD AND 2 REVERSE
- NEW LONG-LIFE ENGINE FEATURES
- 3 COMFORTABLE CAR-TYPE FRONT SEATS

LAND-ROVER

makes light work of heavy duty



86" Wheelbase Land-Rover with detachable hood and side-screens.

★ IN THE NEWS LAND-ROVER FIRE ENGINE IN UNUSUAL ROLE

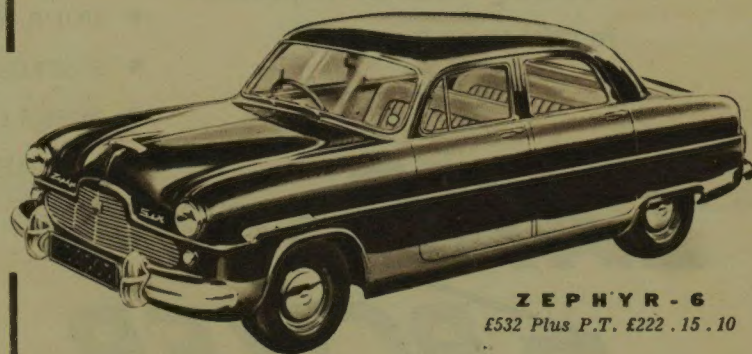
During the heavy snowfalls earlier this year, the Land-Rover fire engine at Cambridge airport, normally used for aircraft crash rescue work, gave a demonstration typical of Land-Rover versatility. With the aid of its 4-wheel drive, the vehicle did a wonderful job towing a snowplough and clearing drifts from the perimeter tracks and runways. Wherever it goes to work, the Land-Rover can take it!



There's a Zephyr in the scene

Here's a situation where the leading personalities—like you?—have to be particular in their choice of car, because a certain standard of looks and performance is expected of them—and helpful. People who command attention very often own a Zephyr-6. They bought one because . . . A Zephyr, although a high-class car, is definitely not an extravagant one. Its lines are classically modern, its fittings and finish are in keeping. Its oversquare 6-cylinder engine gives outstanding power without high running costs. It seats five large people in luxury and is an effortless joy to drive. It has the unique Ford 'glide-ride' suspension. It has all the virtues (and Ford Service too!)

ZEPHYR 6



ZEPHYR-6
£532 Plus P.T. £222.15.10

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THE BEST AT LOWEST COST

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1955.

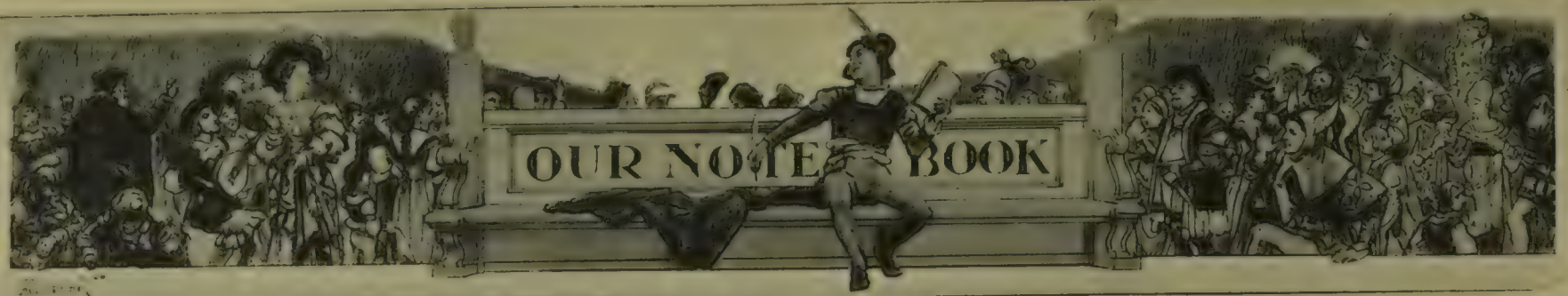


A STUDY IN PERSPECTIVE IN THE WORLD'S LARGEST TANKER: THE 330-FT.-LONG GANGWAY LEADING FROM THE BOW TO THE CONTROL BRIDGE ON BOARD THE 47,000-TON AL-MALIK SAUD AL-AWAL.

Our photograph indicates the immense size of the 47,000-ton tanker, *Al-Malik Saud Al-Awal*, built in Germany for Mr. Onassis, the Greek-born shipowner, and now sailing on charter to the Socony Vacuum Oil Company of New York. She is, indeed, the largest tanker in the world, and when launched on June 5 last year was described as being the second biggest ship to have been launched at

the Howaldt Yard, Hamburg. Her cargo can be discharged in 10 hours, she has 30 miles of pipes on board and the oil is carried in 29 compartments. Since she is sailing under the flag of Saudi Arabia, and the Koran frowns on alcohol, the naming ceremony was carried out by breaking—not the traditional bottle of champagne—on her bows, but a bottle of spring water from Zem-Zem near Mecca.

Postage—Inland, 2½d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 3d.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THERE may be things in this world more beautiful than a fine English spring—it happens only very seldom—but, if there is, I have yet to encounter it. This year, owing to the long winter, almost everything seems to have come out at the same time. The sudden blaze of green glory has been something seen only once or twice in a lifetime. In my own garden in Dorset, from which I had been for some time an exile, I just missed it, and when I left for London again, after a brief Easter sojourn there, all the trees, held back for so long by snows and east winds and, for that part of the country, unwonted frosts, were on the very point of breaking into leaf. So was the blossom, which in my sheltered sea-garden of ilexes and cypresses, usually first appears at the end of February or in early March. This year it did not make its appearance until half-way through April.

Fortunately, I work in a part of London where trees are still allowed to grow, and from my windows I can see at least twenty of them. There are few greater excitements in life, certainly in middle life, than to watch the sudden transformation of the bare, familiar winter trees when, through a recurrent miracle, they suddenly put out their spring foliage. In a few days they undergo a complete and miraculous change. The most spectacular are the horse-chestnuts, the shape and brilliant colour of whose lovely summer frocks—in winter their bare trunks are often rather dull and warped-looking—and whose subsequent decoration of white and pink candles are as beautiful as anything this earth offers. There are still, happily, a large number of them left in the Royal parks of central London, and they make a wonderful show at this time of year. Unfortunately, authority, in the shape of our grandmotherly bureaucracy, has taken a dislike to this most harmless and ornamental of park trees on the ground that its leaves are slippery and that, when they fall in autumn, careless people may slip and break their legs on them! To deprive the public of anything so beautiful for such a flimsy and indeed discreditable reason—for men and women were meant to learn to mark their step and not to fall over God's leaves!—seems such a breach of elementary good sense and judgment that it has to be stated by authority to be credited. But so it is, and for this reason apparently no more horse-chestnuts are being planted in the Royal parks. As this tree is almost useless for forestry purposes, and as there are few private ornamental parks left in England and fewer persons still who, under the present penal taxation of the wealthy, can afford to plant them, the horse-chestnut will presumably be extinct in this once-nobly-timbered country within another generation or so. They are short-lived trees, and for this reason are particularly suitable for planting in parks and large gardens that for any reason are short of large standing timber, for they grow as quickly as they decay. In favourable and sheltered soil like the Thames Valley a horse-chestnut may reach quite a handsome size in thirty or forty years. If the authorities could only be prevailed upon to reconsider their objection to this tree—one of which, one would suppose, only the most rigid and puritanical kind of municipal gardener could have thought!—the horse-chestnut would be an admirable tree to plant in some of the barer spaces of Kensington Gardens and Hyde Park created by the wholesale felling of the last two winters and to help screen the rather depressing view of opulent but ugly hotels and flats opened up by it. They would serve to fill the gap until the larger forest trees now being replanted—though still, I think, considering the many fatalities that can befall young trees, too sparingly—have come to maturity. Such a common-sense policy would ensure that only one instead of two generations would have to pay the price for the improvidence of the Park authorities during the past thirty years.

At the time of writing, in the last week of April, the only major trees that are still almost bare are the beeches, poplars and planes. The former are rare in London, to whose soil they are alien, and they are not, in my view, a suitable tree for planting there, for their crowning, all-the-year-round glory—their gleaming, cathedral-like trunks—lose their beauty when they become blackened with grime, as they do in London. I am far from having any prejudice against beeches; indeed, I love them and have planted

nearly 20,000 of them in the last two years, but in a soil and setting which is their natural home and where, I hope, long after I am dead, some of them may come to maturity. But for London the plane is an infinitely more suitable tree, though here again, curiously enough, authority appears to take an unfavourable view of this particular species, apparently on the ground that London is already so well-stocked with them. In view of the enormous number that have either been cut down or have been so mutilated as to cease to be trees—nearly always by what is called public authority—I should have thought that this excuse for planting no more of them had ceased to be valid. Certainly they are ideal trees for a great city, for their bark first absorbs and then discards its aerial poisons. Their pattern in winter, if only they are allowed to retain it, as in the Royal parks they happily are, is almost as beautiful in its delicate aerial tracery

as that of the elm. Its only disadvantages are that, like the beech, it puts out its leaves very late and that in their early weeks their colour is rather pale and yellowy. But they make up for it by their beauty in the autumn and late summer. By any measure London without her glorious Victorian and eighteenth-century dower of planes is unthinkable. But then, for that matter, so is England without fine trees, and a country without fine trees she is rapidly becoming. Everywhere, as bureaucratic fussiness and the greed of the new rich and the poverty of the former rich and, above all, urban-minded blindness, sentences the larger trees to wasteful death, the English horizon is lowering and our landscape, so beautiful in the past, is being reduced to one of the dullest in Europe. And where trees are not being cut down to line the pockets of some local farmer or timber merchant or to satisfy the tidy but eyeless soul of some borough engineer or busybody councillor, they are being hacked into shapes reminiscent not of our traditional greenwood and hedgerow, but of the terrible battle pictures of the devastated front line of the First World War. These mangled shapes now haunt the traveller in this small urbanised island almost wherever he goes. On the afternoon of writing these lines I happened to pass through Fulham, and what those who rule Fulham have done with Fulham's trees has to be seen to be believed! Nor, I am afraid, is Fulham by any means alone in such senseless disrespect for God's living creation. Only the other day the Secretary of the local branch of the Council for the Preservation of Rural England sent me some horrifying photographs of what has been done to trees recently in Winchester—Winchester, of all beautiful and historic English places, whose noble elms once made so deep an impression on the poet mind of Keats.

Sometimes I feel that to plant trees in England, not merely for quick profit but for posterity, is the greatest service a man can do his country to-day. Reading through the appendices of Sir Winston Churchill's "History of the Second World War," I came the other evening upon a minute written two days after Pearl Harbour and on

the day that the *Prince of Wales* and *Repulse*—our last hope of averting disaster in the Far East—were sunk in the Gulf of Siam. It was addressed to the chairman of the Forestry Commission. It read:

"I see reports in the papers that timber-felling companies are ruthlessly denuding for profit many of our woodlands. What arrangements have you got to make sure that some of the finest trees are left and that due consideration is given to the appearance of the countryside? . . .

Let me know in a few lines what you are doing to replant. Surely you are replanting two or three trees for every large one you cut down? "

That this wonderful man should have thought of this at a time of such disaster and danger is a fact that I find very moving. And perhaps the finest permanent memorial his country could raise to him would be a nation-wide movement to plant English hardwood trees in his honour and after his name. If anyone cares to start such a movement I will promise to be one of its most ardent supporters!

THE SWEDISH STATE VISIT TO HOLLAND.



AT THE ROYAL PALACE, AMSTERDAM: KING GUSTAF ADOLF AND QUEEN LOUISE OF SWEDEN (LEFT) WITH QUEEN JULIANA AND THE PRINCE OF THE NETHERLANDS. The King and Queen of Sweden arrived in Amsterdam by train on April 26 for a State visit to Queen Juliana and Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands. They attended a Chamber of Commerce reception on board S.S. *Oranje*, and fulfilled other engagements that day, the programme ending with a State dinner at the Palace and a visit to the opera. On April 27 they received the National Bakers' Committee and accepted their thanks for Swedish help in the "starvation" winter of 1945, visited Keukenhof and The Hague, fulfilled other engagements and dined at the Rijksmuseum as guests of the Dutch Government. On the 28th King Gustaf Adolf visited areas affected by the floods, and in the evening he and Queen Louise entertained Queen Juliana and Prince Bernhard at dinner at the Swedish Embassy. The State visit ended on April 29, but the Royal visitors made an informal tour of the country before leaving for home by train.

AT HOME: PRESENTATIONS, A BIRTHDAY GIFT, A WELCOME, AND A CRUSADE MEETING.



ADDRESSING OVER 90,000 PEOPLE: DR. BILLY GRAHAM AT HAMPDEN PARK, GLASGOW, DURING THE FINAL RALLY OF HIS ALL-SCOTLAND CRUSADE. A rally, attended by over 90,000 people, held at Hampden Park, Glasgow, on April 30, marked the end of Dr. Billy Graham's six-week All-Scotland Crusade during which 2,647,365 people attended the meetings and relay services. Dr. Graham begins a week's crusade in London on May 14. He will then visit the Continent, and on July 22 address the Baptist World Alliance at the Arsenal Football Ground, London.

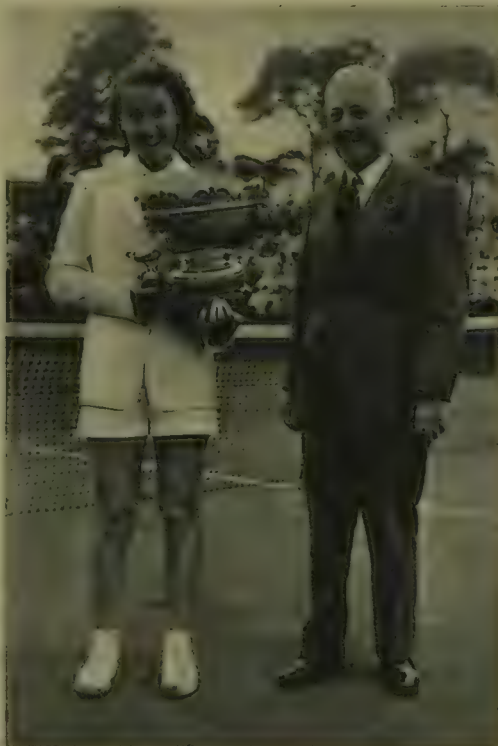


ACKNOWLEDGING A GREAT WELCOME: SIR ANTHONY EDEN, WITH LADY EDEN, ON THE BALCONY OF THE TOWN HALL AT LEAMINGTON SPA ON APRIL 30.

On April 30 Sir Anthony Eden was accorded a civic reception at Leamington Spa on his first visit to his constituency (which he has represented since 1923), after being appointed Prime Minister. The Prime Minister and Lady Eden were met at the borough boundary by the Mayor and Mayoress and then drove through the gaily decorated town in an open carriage. Later the Prime Minister and Lady Eden visited the neighbouring town of Warwick.



ENGLISH AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPION FOR THE SECOND YEAR IN SUCCESSION: A. THIRLWELL (RIGHT) BEING PRESENTED WITH THE CHALLENGE CUP BY MR. J. W. MANNING. A. Thirlwell, Gosforth Club, Northumberland, won the English Amateur Golf Championship at Ganton on April 30 for the second year in succession, beating M. Burgess, of West Sussex, in the 36-hole final by seven up and six to play. Our photograph shows Mr. J. W. Manning, President of the English Golf Union, presenting the Challenge Cup to Alan Thirlwell.



WINNER OF THE WOMEN'S SINGLES IN THE HARD COURT LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS AT BOURNE-MOUTH: MISS A. MORTIMER. Our photograph shows Miss A. Mortimer, of Torquay, after receiving the cup from Mr. W. H. Mellor, chairman of the Lawn Tennis Association, for winning the British Hard Court Women's Singles at Bournemouth on April 30. Miss Mortimer is the first British winner for five years.



THE NEW BRITISH HARD COURT LAWN TENNIS CHAMPION: S. DAVIDSON, OF SWEDEN, WHO IS SEEN HERE RECEIVING THE CUP FROM LORD TEMPLEWOOD. The British Hard Court Lawn Tennis Championships ended at Bournemouth on April 30 after S. Davidson, of Sweden, beat R. G. Becker, of Britain, by 11-9, 6-3, 6-1 in one of the most interesting singles finals since the war. Until S. Davidson met the twenty-one-year-old R. Becker in the final he had lost no more than six games to anyone.



HONOURED BY HIS BIRTHPLACE: LORD KEMSLEY WALKING IN PROCESSION (WITH LADY KEMSLEY) FROM THE TOWN HALL IN MERTHYR TYDFIL. On April 28 Lord Kemsley received the freedom of the county borough of Merthyr Tydfil, his home town. Lord Kemsley, who was accompanied by Lady Kemsley and members of his family, was conferred with the freedom by the Mayor of Merthyr, Councillor Morgan Osborne. Lord Kemsley, the well-known newspaper proprietor, was born James Gomer Berry at Merthyr Tydfil in 1883.



A GOLDEN GIFT FOR HIS SIXTIETH BIRTHDAY: SIR MALCOLM SARGENT (LEFT), THE DISTINGUISHED CONDUCTOR, BEING PRESENTED WITH A SOLID GOLD RECORD OF THE HALLELUJAH CHORUS, FROM HANDEL'S "MESSIAH." On the occasion of his sixtieth birthday, on April 29, Sir Malcolm Sargent, the distinguished conductor, was presented with a number of gifts, including a solid gold record. This photograph shows the presentation of the record to Sir Malcolm by Mr. L. J. Brown, managing director of the Electrical and Musical Industries, Ltd.

THE BICENTENARY CELEBRATIONS OF THE KING'S SHROPSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY : PARADES, PRESENTATIONS AND FESTIVITIES AT SHREWSBURY AND BRIDGNORTH.



(ABOVE.)
LED BY THE COLOURS OF THE REGIMENT : THE TROOPS MARCHING PAST THE SALUTING BASE AT SHREWSBURY. SHREWSBURY SCHOOL CAN BE SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND.

BETWEEN April 28 and May 1 the King's Shropshire Light Infantry have been celebrating at Shrewsbury, Bridgnorth and Hereford the 200th anniversary of the raising of the 53rd (Shropshire) Regiment. The King's Shropshire Light Infantry is the direct successor of this Regiment (originally called the 55th Foot), which was raised by Colonel William Whitmore, of Bridgnorth, in the winter of 1755; and of the 85th The King's Light Infantry, which, as the 85th Light Infantry or Royal Volunteers, was raised in Shrewsbury in 1801. On April 28, in a ceremonial parade at Shrewsbury, the Mayor of Shrewsbury presented the Honorary Freedom of the Borough to the Regiment, and this was followed by the

(RIGHT.)
THE BAND AND TROOP MARCH ON THE BEGINNING OF THE CEREMONY ON APRIL 28, DURING WHICH THE 1ST BN. WAS PRESENTED WITH THE HONORARY FREEDOM OF SHREWSBURY.



ON THEIR WAY TO ST. CHAD'S CHURCH: THE MAYOR OF SHREWSBURY WITH THE COLONEL OF THE REGIMENT, MAJOR-GENERAL J. M. L. GROVER (RIGHT), THE LORD LIEUTENANT OF SHROPSHIRE, MAJOR-GENERAL LORD BRIDGMAN (WITH SASH) AND OTHER OFFICIALS.



BEFORE THE LAYING-UP OF THE OLD 1ST BN. COLOURS: OLD COMRADES TAKING PART IN THE MARCH TO ST. CHAD'S CHURCH, SHREWSBURY (SEEN IN BACKGROUND), WHERE DIVINE SERVICE WAS HELD.



ON BEHALF OF THE REGIMENT: MAJOR-GENERAL J. M. L. GROVER RECEIVING FROM THE MAYOR OF SHREWSBURY, ALDERMAN ELLIS JONES, A BOUND COPY OF THE RESOLUTION OF THE TOWN COUNCIL ADMITTING THE REGIMENT TO THE HONORARY FREEDOM OF THE BOROUGH.



THE K.S.L.I. BICENTENARY CEREMONIAL AT THE QUARRY, SHREWSBURY: THE MARCH-PAST DURING THE PARADE ON APRIL 28, WHICH WAS ATTENDED BY HUNDREDS OF SPECTATORS AND MANY OLD COMRADES.



BEING ESCORTED INTO ST. CHAD'S CHURCH, SHREWSBURY: THE REGIMENTAL COLOURS OF THE K.S.L.I. THE CHURCH CONTAINS WAR MEMORIALS AND A CHAPEL OF THE K.S.L.I.



RECEIVING A FAREWELL PRESENTATION OF A SILVER CIGARETTE-BOX AND ASSORTED: MAJOR-GENERAL GROVER (RIGHT), COLONEL OF THE REGIMENT, WITH LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR HERBERT DOWNS, WHO WAS TO TAKE OVER FROM HIM ON MAY 5.



IN BRIDGNORTH ON APRIL 29: THE LORD LIEUTENANT OF SHROPSHIRE, MAJOR-GENERAL LORD BRIDGMAN, ACCOMPANIED BY MAJOR-GENERAL GROVER AND LIEUT.-COLONEL P. DE C. JONES, INSPECTING THE PARADE.



BEING CARRIED IN THE PROCESSION AT SHREWSBURY: THE CARVED REGIMENTAL CREST WHICH WAS PRESENTED TO THE 1ST BN. BY THE COLONEL OF THE REGIMENT.



IN BRIDGNORTH: THE COLONEL OF THE REGIMENT, MAJOR-GENERAL GROVER, RECEIVING THE CASKET CONTAINING THE SCROLL RECORDING THE FREEDOM OF THE TOWN FROM THE MAYOR, COUNCILLOR LEAST, A DETACHMENT OF THE 1ST BN. LATER MARCHED THROUGH THE TOWN WITH COLOURS FLYING.

bicentenary celebrations did not coincide with the exact date in 1755 but were arranged for the present short period which the 1st Battalion is spending in England between a term of service in Germany and a forthcoming move to Kenya. During the Shrewsbury parade on April 28, a Guard of Honour of the 4th Battalion (T.A.) was present, as well as a Home-Guard detachment.

A ROYAL OCCASION, A 2500-YEAR-OLD BOAT, AND NEW DEVELOPMENTS.



THE NEW ROLLS-ROYCE SILVER CLOUD SALOON: WITH, EXCEPT FOR THE TRADITIONAL RADIATOR, A TOTALLY NEW EXTERNAL APPEARANCE AND LOWER-BUILT. On April 27, the Rolls-Royce factory at Crewe superseded the Rolls-Royce Silver Dawn saloon and the Bentley standard sports saloon with the Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud and the Bentley "S" Series. Both have fully automatic transmission, fluid coupling and self-changing gears.



AN EXTENSION TO THE FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM AT CAMBRIDGE: A NEW GALLERY, THE GRAHAM ROBERTSON ROOM, FOR THE EXHIBITION AND STORAGE OF WATER-COLOURS AND DRAWINGS. A new room for the exhibition and storage of water-colours and drawings was due to be opened at the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, on May 6. This extension has been named the Graham Robertson Room, to commemorate the gift of £10,000 from the late Walford Graham Robertson. The first exhibition in the new room will consist of works by William Blake, including six important items presented by the executors from the collection of Mr. Graham Robertson, who was a Blake collector and specialist.



THREE YEARS AFTER THE DISASTROUS FLOODS WHICH CLAIMED THIRTY-TWO VICTIMS: A TRACTOR CLEARING RUBBLE FROM THE BED OF THE EAST LYN RIVER AT LYNMOUTH, DEVON. The Devonshire resorts of Lynton and Lynmouth, so badly hit in the floods of August 1952, are now making preparation for the holiday season of 1955. The East Lyn River, one of those which nearly three years ago brought death and destruction to this favourite spot on the North Devonshire coast, is being cleared, and spanned by a new bridge (left). On the right of the picture above is shown the prefabricated bridge, weighing 450 tons, spanning the West Lyn.



A REMARKABLE GRECO-ETRUSCAN BOAT, ABOUT 2500 YEARS OLD, DISCOVERED DURING CURRENT EXCAVATIONS AT SPINA, ITALY. In our issue of December 4 last year we reported the remarkable pottery of a Greco-Etruscan necropolis, being uncovered during reclamation work near Lake Comacchio. The most recent discovery there is this remarkably preserved boat, about 21 ft. long, which is stated to be a dug-out canoe of about 500 B.C.



CLAIMED AS THE FIRST ENGLISH HOTEL BUILT WITH BRITISH CAPITAL FOR TWENTY YEARS: THE LEOFRIC HOTEL AT COVENTRY, NAMED AFTER THE HUSBAND OF LADY GODIVA. Stated to have cost £800,000 to build and equip, the new Hotel Leofric, in the centre of Coventry, looks across Broadgate to the statue of Lady Godiva in the centre; the hotel is named after her husband, the Earl of Mercia. The hotel has 108 bedrooms, three restaurants and a ballroom.



THE KING OF SWEDEN IN AMSTERDAM: HIS MAJESTY WITH QUEEN JULIANA OF THE NETHERLANDS, CARRYING OUT AN INSPECTION OUTSIDE THE ROYAL PALACE ON APRIL 26. King Gustaf Adolf and Queen Louise of Sweden fulfilled a crowded programme during their State visit of April 26-29 to Queen Juliana and the Prince of the Netherlands. On "Our Note Book" page we give a portrait group of the two Royal couples, guests and hostess and host, at the Palace, Amsterdam.

THE STRUGGLE FOR POWER IN SOUTH VIET-NAM: SCENES OF STREET FIGHTING IN THE CAPITAL.



SYMBOLISING THE TENSION AND BITTER STRIFE IN SAIGON: AN ARMoured CAR PATROLLING A MAIN STREET IN THE CITY, WHILE SMOKE RISES IN THE BACKGROUND.



VIETNAMESE PARACHUTE TROOPS TAKING PART IN A FIERCE ACTION IN THE BOULEVARD GALLIENI, IN SAIGON, DURING THE STREET FIGHTING WHICH MARKED THE END OF APRIL.



CIVILIANS IN SAIGON CARRYING THEIR POSSESSIONS TO SAFETY IN THE FIGHTING BETWEEN THE GOVERNMENT AND THE WARRING PRIVATE ARMIES.

WITH the ending on April 20 of the truce between the private armies of the Binh Xuyen and Hoa Hao sects, who have been sporadically fighting against the Government forces of the Premier, M. Ngo Dinh Diem, in Saigon, the capital of South Viet-Nam, the Premier made an appeal to the leaders of these sects. This appeal was rejected and the sects are reported to have appealed to the Emperor Bao Dai, who, at the time, was in southern France. On April 26 the Premier dismissed the Chief of the Security Police, Lai Van Sang, and General Van Vy, the Inspector-General of the Army, was reported to have fled. On April 27 street fighting broke out in Cholon, the Chinese quarter of the city, which spread rapidly and continued into April 28, some 120 persons being reported killed. On April 28 the Emperor, still in France, withdrew the command of the forces from the Premier. On April 30 the Premier defied the Emperor's orders and



SMOKE RISING IN CHOLON, THE CHINESE QUARTER OF SAIGON AND THE SCENE OF THE BITTEREST FIGHTING BETWEEN GOVERNMENT TROOPS AND THE BINH XUYEN SECT.



GOVERNMENT TROOPS MOVING FORWARD IN A TREE-LINED SAIGON STREET. ON MAY 1 THE PREMIER, M. NGO DINH DIEM, APPEARED TO HAVE SECURED POWER.



LOOKING DOWN THE BOULEVARD GALLIENI IN SAIGON: A SOLDIER AND A CYCLIST, ALERTLY WATCHING THE RISING SMOKE—AN EPITOME OF THE TENSION.

street fighting intensified. By night about 500 persons had been killed and it looked as if the Premier had won the struggle for power. On May 1 General Van Vy, the man appointed by the Emperor to take over command, was in flight and a "general assembly" had deposed the Emperor.

CORNWALL AND HER PEOPLE IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

"MEDIEVAL CORNWALL"; By L. E. ELLIOTT-BINNS, D.D.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

DR. ELLIOTT-BINNS is not, I believe, a Cornishman born, but he lived in the county for a number of years, and was until recently Canon Residentiary of Truro Cathedral. He is a historian, and it is natural that living in that unique and, for centuries, almost isolated, county should have led him to a study of its history; he is an ecclesiastical historian and, in a county so dotted with village churches and redolent of the memories of local saints, it is not surprising that he should be especially attracted to the medieval period. "To restore to life," he says, "the medieval period of Cornish history is a task beset by many difficulties, for one is ever conscious of the presence of dim shadowy figures which refuse to condense into visible realities, and like their own mists dissolve into thin air as one tries to grasp them. The land is haunted by ghosts, and each man is apt to evoke those which make the greatest appeal to his fancy. For many Cornishmen the lonely places are still peopled with ancient and ancestral Celts; for Mr. Rouse [author of the excellent "Tudor Cornwall"], I doubt not, the little harbours and narrow quays still swarm with Elizabethan seamen; for myself, I see hurrying pilgrims and ecclesiastics, or the train of pack-horses moving slowly along the rough and muddy highways."

The outward aspect of much of Cornwall has changed, perhaps, since the Middle Ages more than that of many parts of England. As a rule in rural England, an early map will show principal towns which are the principal towns still. But on the map in this book the absence of certain names must strike the modern observer at once: the names of such places as Camborne and Redruth, Newquay and Bude do not even appear in small type as those of rudimentary villages. Every visitor to Bude must be familiar with its little neighbours, Stratton and Kilkhampton: they are marked here, but not Bude. Multitudes of visitors to Newquay must have visited the little church at Crantock: Crantock is marked, but not Newquay. The name of Newlyn does not appear, nor even that of Falmouth. Economic reasons lie behind all these changes, and Dr. Elliott-Binns fully examines them all—for he is by no means entirely preoccupied with pack-horses and pilgrims.

He is very systematic, and covers his ground thoroughly: few Cornish historians have done this, most of them having been preoccupied with particular localities. After surveying the land, and the origins of the people, he deals *serialim* with Government, Justice, the Manorial System, the Earldom and Duchy, Economic Development and Social Life, the Church, the Arts, Literature and Learning. In the last departments the Cornish did not compete with their Welsh cousins. "Cornwall gave what she had; legends which added so much to the romance of life; and, on the practical plane, the courage of her seamen." "As a general rule," says Dr. Elliott-Binns, "the historian values his sources in proportion to their truth, that is to the extent to which they provide an authentic record of actual events; but with legends the reverse is often the case, they are valued because they are *not* true; not true that is of the period to which they profess to belong. If, for example, we really believed that St. Piran crossed over from Ireland on a millstone, we might, in a lighter vein,

be tempted to envy so fortunate a traveller, or, in one more serious, venerate the sanctity which made possible so unusual a form of locomotion. But it would add nothing to our knowledge of his times. The story is of value for the light which it sheds on the minds of those who first devised it, as of those

so, much remains which though it may adorn a tale is scarcely calculated to point a moral. Some of the more boisterous antics of these saints recall the giants and heroes of Northern folk-tales rather than the subjects of conventional hagiology. As depicted in their legends few of them conform to traditional ideas of sanctity, and it would be difficult to imagine them within the cramping limits of a stained-glass window. It must, however, be remembered that with the Celts the term 'saint' had its own significance; it was used of any religious person, a monk or ascetic, and might even be a kind of title borne by members of certain families or tribes. This different use of the term is reflected in the fact that whereas the normal practice was to invoke the intercession of saints, in Celtic churches prayers were offered on their behalf." It is odd to think that had one been a Cornishman one might have been a Saint.

An enormous variety of odd information is given in this book. Cornwall was peculiar in many regards: for instance, the aristocracy and squirearchy were scanty in numbers and counted for little in comparison with those in neighbouring Devon. That, possibly, may have some bearing on the brutality of the Cornish in the Middle Ages: "Froissart has told us that they aroused the disgust of Edward III. at the battle of Crécy, for when many French nobles, knights, and squires, had been unhorsed by the English archers, they and the Welsh rushed among them and brutally murdered them."

In many ways the Cornish were behind the times. They have caught up with them now. I remember that when I was in Munich in 1914, I asked a young German (merely to pass the time) what the local industries were. "Fremden Industrie," he briefly replied: "foreigner industry." The Cornish still fish, though the boats are motor-driven and go out under bare poles. The soil is still cultivated when it is cultivatable, and the mines are apt to open now and again. But catering for "the visitor" must bring in far more revenue than tin and pilchards. Like large portions of Devonshire, Cornwall, in summer, swarms with holiday-makers, postcards, bungalows, tea-shops and golf-courses: an artist may be encountered around any corner in the picturesque little ports, and in the greater resorts the urban multitudes from beyond the Tamar may find all the comforts which they are accustomed to in their own towns.

It is in the lonelier churches and on the moors that one is closest in touch with the remote past: even the language has gone, except for recorded scraps. If, says Dr. Elliott-Binns candidly, one wishes to get a nearer acquaintance with historic Cornwall, we can best find it in Brittany, where the Cornishmen's close kinsmen have stood faster in the ancient ways.

In an age, I may add, which has seen a rapid depreciation in the value of currency, and widespread illusions about the wretched wages paid by, and to, our fathers, a page here about prices in Old Cornwall is arresting. In 1287 "the average price of butter was about 9½d. a stone, that of cheese slightly less." In the list of maximum prices fixed by Edward II. in 1315, we find "fat geese 2½d., fat capons or hens 2d., two chickens, four pigeons, or two dozen eggs cost 1d." A little later a pig could be bought for 1s. 6d., a sheep for 1s., and lambs for 5d. or 6d. each.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 844 of this issue.



AN OUTDOOR PARLIAMENT WHICH DATES BACK TO THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY: THE LANDSGEMEINDE, IN APPENZELL, CAPITAL OF INNER RHODEN, HALF-CANTON OF THE CANTON OF APPENZELL, IN SWITZERLAND. THE CITIZENS GATHERED IN THE MARKET-PLACE ON THE LAST SUNDAY IN APRIL TO EXERCISE THEIR RIGHTS.

In *The Illustrated London News* of August 28, 1954, we published some colour photographs of the Swiss *Landsgemeinde*, or Parliaments of the Cantons, which showed officials and spectators at the *Landsgemeinde* in Appenzell. This photograph shows the scene in the market-place in Appenzell on April 24, the last Sunday in April, when the citizens, who carry swords to the *Landsgemeinde* as a symbol of the hard-won freedom for which their ancestors fought many centuries ago, voted by a show of hands for the laws and financial measures which they wished to be adopted.



ATTENDING HIS FIRST PUBLIC FUNCTION AS PRIME MINISTER: SIR ANTHONY EDEN SPEAKING AS GUEST OF HONOUR AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY'S ANNUAL DINNER AT BURLINGTON HOUSE ON APRIL 27.

On April 27 Sir Anthony Eden attended his first public function as Prime Minister, when he was the guest of honour of the Royal Academy at their annual dinner at Burlington House. Professor A. E. Richardson, President of the Royal Academy, presided over a company of just over 200. When the Prime Minister arrived in the courtyard of Burlington House he inspected a guard of honour from the 21st Special Air Service Regiment (Artists). In his speech, which was broadcast, Sir Anthony said: "It is perseverance that keeps honour bright, and that way, my heart believes, peace can yet be won." For the first time since the war Sir Winston Churchill, Honorary Royal Academician Extraordinary, was not present at the dinner.

who were at pains to preserve and propagate it." Nowhere are saints so thick on the ground as in Cornwall: almost every other village is called St. Something. "The lives of the Cornish saints are almost numberless, and if the men and women with whom they are concerned flourished in much earlier times, the writings themselves belong to the Middle Ages, though no doubt they contain older traditions. The object of the compilers was above all edification and the stories were adapted accordingly. But even

MATTERS MARITIME, BRITAIN'S LATEST ANTI-SUBMARINE AIRCRAFT, AND AN R.A.F. HONOUR.



AGROUND IN THE SUEZ CANAL, BLOCKING THE FAMOUS WATERWAY FOR TWELVE HOURS: THE BRITISH TROOPSHIP *EMPIRE FOWEY* (19,121 TONS) BEING DRAGGED FREE BY TUGS. After being aground in the Suez Canal for twelve hours, the British troopship *Empire Fowey* was successfully refloated by tugs on April 23. While she lay across the canal, other shipping was unable to proceed. The *Empire Fowey* was on its way to Southampton from Hong Kong, carrying 1600 British troops and their families.



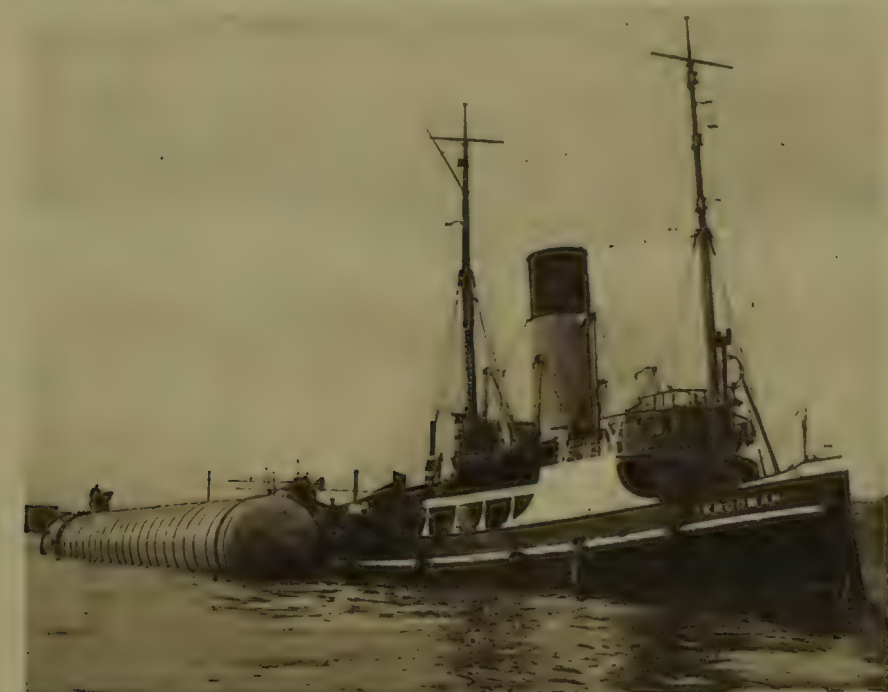
THE MOST FORMIDABLE FIGHTING UNIT OF THE ROYAL NAVY: AN AERIAL PICTURE OF H.M.S. *ARK ROYAL*, SHOWING SOME OF HER NEW FEATURES. H.M.S. *Ark Royal*, commissioned in February this year and now completing her trials, is Britain's most modern aircraft-carrier. She is capable of launching atomic or hydrogen bomb attacks and, if contaminated herself, she can steam by remote control. Other new features include an angled flight-deck, a steam-operated catapult and side lifts. She has a displacement of 36,800 tons and can carry more than fifty aircraft.



DEMONSTRATING BRITAIN'S LATEST ANTI-SUBMARINE AIRCRAFT: THE FAIREY GANNET FOLDING WING AIRCRAFT BEING SHOWN BY R.N. AIR CREW TO THE PRESS. The Fairey *Gannet*, the Royal Navy's latest weapon in the detection and destruction of submarines, was demonstrated recently to members of the Press by air crews of the R.N.A.S. at Eglinton, near Londonderry. The turbo-prop aircraft, seating a pilot, observer and telegraphist, is equipped with radar and power-folding wings. The two *Double Mamba* turbo-prop engines, combining the advantages of propeller and jet propulsion, each have separate fuel systems, enabling them to be operated independently.



ON THE ROCKS AT BEACHY HEAD: THE GREEK STEAMER *GERMANIA*, WHICH BROKE HER BACK WHEN SHE WENT AGROUND AFTER A CHANNEL COLLISION. The Greek ship *Germania* (1918 tons) broke her back when she went aground on the rocks at Beachy Head on April 26 after colliding with the Panamanian ship *Maro* (9588 tons) in dense fog in the Channel. The Eastbourne lifeboat brought off eighteen of the crew of twenty-six, and then returned to stand by as the captain and seven of the crew had stayed on board.



OVERCOMING TRANSPORT DIFFICULTIES: A TUG TAKING IN TOW A 140-FT.-LONG DISTILLATION COLUMN WHICH WENT BY SEA FROM THE THAMES TO SCOTLAND. On April 26 a 140-ft.-long steel column, part of an oil distillation unit, was "launched" at Greenwich, where it was made, and taken in tow by a tug at the start of its journey by sea to Grangemouth, Scotland. The steel column, which weighed 85 tons, was filled with compressed air and transported by water to overcome the difficulties of transporting it by road.



THE R.A.F. RECEIVE THE FREEDOM OF ABINGDON: A CASKET CONTAINING THE VELLUM SCROLL BEING TROOPED ON THE PARADE-GROUND DURING THE CEREMONY. On April 28 the R.A.F. station at Abingdon, Berkshire, was granted freedom of entry into the Borough of Abingdon. The freedom was received on behalf of the R.A.F. station by Group-Captain S. P. Hagger. A casket containing a scroll recording the freedom was paraded, and the Mayor of Abingdon, Dr. G. Fitzgerald O'Connor, took the salute.



WHICH HAVE MADE HISTORY BY CROSSING THE ATLANTIC IN EITHER DIRECTION IN RECORD TIME.

the steamship *Baltic*. Within a few years the new Cunarder *Persia* regained what was now a coveted, although non-existent, trophy—the Blue Riband of the Atlantic. And so the rivalry between the two countries continued. America's Inman Line entered the contest with the *Massachusetts* in 1890, but was forced to withdraw in order to lose them in 1891 to the White Star liner *Titanic*. The German Hamburg-America Line's *Deutschland* reduced the westward crossing to 5 days 20 hours in 1900. Within two years the *Imperator* had cut the time to 4 days 15 hours. These two ships were constructed especially to maintain a regular fast service between this country and New York and to capture the Blue Riband, then in German hands. The *Imperator* made the crossing in 4 days 12 hours 55 minutes, and the *Imperator* in 5 days 5 hours 10 minutes, averaging 22-21 knots, and returned in 4 days 22 hours 53 minutes.

holder of the Blue Riband of the Atlantic, made the westbound crossing in 3 days 12 hours 12 mins., and returned in 3 days 10 hours 40 mins. The Cunard liner *Queen Elizabeth* was converted into a troopship after she had been launched during World War I, and has never competed for the Blue Riband. She made a fast crossing between New York and Cherbourg in March 1954, covering 3197 miles in 4 days 12 hours 12 mins. A new post-war record for a British ship was established when she crossed from America in 4 days 11 hours 42 mins. last month. It is hoped that she will make the North Atlantic ferry service as good as obsolete for the next decade. No ship can hope to compete with her speed or the trans-continental aeroplane. The glory of the ocean liner will continue to lie in its freedom and luxury, and in man's ancient and unbroken union with the sea. In our drawing above, the scale is approximately 400 ft. to 1 inch.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

LIVING as I do in the country—always have done, and I hope always may—it never fails to give me a pleasant jolt of surprise each year, when I go to London in early

spring and find the almond trees in full flower, several weeks before those in the country. Or, at any rate, before those in my part of the country, which used to be a little north of London, in Hertfordshire, and is now in the Cotswolds. In Surrey, where almonds and double pink cherries appear to be the chief form of vegetation, and doubtless in other southerly counties, too, Kent, Sussex, Hampshire, etc., the natives are probably denied this pleasant little annual surprise of finding London almond-time slightly ahead of their own. With me it has never failed. What a fortunate thing it is that the almond grows so well in London—and in most other big cities—to flower serenely, when winter is beating a reluctant, malevolent retreat, with many a backward dirty look, and frequent final jabs of vicious weather.

The finest and the most popular of all the flowering almonds is probably the one called *Prunus pollardii*, with its big, bright pink flowers 2 ins. across. It is believed to be a hybrid, a cross between the peach and the almond, and the form now so widely grown was raised about fifty years ago by Mr. Pollard, of Ballarat, Victoria, Australia.

When plant-collecting in Majorca in the spring of 1926 I was greatly impressed by the beauty of the almond blossom. The individual flowers, I seem to remember, were larger and much paler than any that I had ever seen elsewhere. A few years after my visit to Majorca I received an enquiry from Kew Gardens, asking whether I could put them in touch with anyone who could help them to obtain living specimens of the special type of Majorcan almond, for introducing for cultivation in certain suitable parts of the Commonwealth. Apparently the Majorcan almond is something specially good. Fortunately, I was able to put Kew in touch with an English merchant who does much business in Majorcan almonds, and who pays frequent visits to the island. What success, if any, resulted from these enquiries I never heard.

Although almond trees fruit quite often in this country, sometimes carrying surprisingly heavy crops, they are never, as far as I know, grown here as a commercial enterprise. Flowering as they do so early in the year, the setting of the blossom would probably be too great a gamble. But although the trees quite often carry really abundant crops, it is seldom that one finds anyone making use of the almonds. They just fall and remain to be swept up eventually with the fallen autumn leaves, and taken

ALMONDS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

to the rubbish-heap bonfire or the compost heap. In suburban front gardens, where almond trees are perhaps more often planted than anywhere else, it is a common thing to see the pavement outside the fence strewn in autumn with fallen almonds, waiting to be carted away by the municipal dustmen. It is the rarest thing in the world to find anyone in this country who regards the bountiful crops of almonds which fall upon their lawns, their paths, their flower-beds,



"ALMONDS... ARE ENCASED IN A HARD GREEN CASE LIKE A SMALL, FLATTISH, UNRIPE PEACH IN A VELVET COAT... THESE GREEN CASES SPLIT OPEN AND REVEAL THE HARD BROWN SHELL OF THE ALMOND."

Photograph by A. Harold Bastin.

and on the pavement on the other side of the front-garden fence as anything but an untidy nuisance, capable only of entailing the trouble of sweeping them up and clearing them away. Yet these same folk will go and pay shillings and shillings at the grocer's shop for imported almonds which are not half as fresh and good as those which they throw away in their gardens.

Why this dreadful wastefulness? As a rule it is due to ignorance, coupled now and then perhaps with a lack of enterprise or imagination. Folk buy almond trees, and plant them as ornamental flowering trees—and leave it at that. It never seems to occur to them that the things that grow upon their almond trees could possibly be almonds. Almonds to them are things that one buys from the grocer. If they trouble to think back further than that, they may remember that almonds come from Jordan or Valencia, but as for falling from front-garden trees and littering the pavements in Balham—no, no; that is too far-fetched and fantastic an idea altogether. Time after time and many times I have been asked by owners of fruiting almond trees: "But can you eat the things? Aren't they poisonous?"

The fact that almonds, when they fall, are encased in a hard green case like a small, flattish, unripe peach in a velvet coat may perhaps deceive the uninitiated. But having lain upon the ground for a little while, these green cases split open, and reveal the hard, brown shell of the almond. That should put ideas into the owner's head, and act as a clue to the almond's identity. But it seldom does.

If, however, the snag of identity is mastered and the owner of the tree is finally satisfied that his home-grown almonds really are almonds, and are not merely fit to eat, but delicious, in spite of not having come from a shop, there is still one last difficulty to overcome. Most of the almond trees planted in this

country as ornamental flowering trees produce almonds with hard shells. I presume that it is the popular variety *Pollardii* that does this. There may be other varieties which do it, too. Anyway, almost all the almonds that I have tried from English trees have been hard-shelled, and so, difficult to open—unless you know the trick. If you know the trick, it's just too easy. If you try to open a hard-shelled almond by bashing it with your heel as it lies on the ground—on hard pavement, shall we say—you are almost certain to pulp it into a mixture of kernel, broken shell and grit.

I have seen advocated the cracking of hard-shelled almonds in a carpenter's vice. But not every household has a carpenter's vice handy, and anyway, it seems to me to be a somewhat slow and cumbersome expedient, and ordinary nutcrackers are hopeless for the job. I have found that a fairly heavy hammer is by far the handiest implement for dealing with hard-shelled almonds—a hammer and some hard, solid object, such as a brick or a piece of flagstone about the size of a brick, to act, so to speak, as executioner's block. Provided with this simple equipment, all you then require is the very simple trick of which I spoke earlier. Do not lay your almond flat upon its side on the stone block and bash at it with the hammer whilst it is in that position, for unless you bash with very great skill you will almost certainly reduce your almond to a mixture of pulped kernel and splintered shell. The only practical way is to hold the almond between finger and thumb, edge-wise, with its back touching the stone or brick block, and the narrow edge upward. Now tap the upward-turned narrow edge, gently at first, and then harder and harder, until, at the correct strength, the shell will fall apart, split neatly from end to end like a pea-pod, with the kernel whole and unharmed. Very little practice is needed to find the exact strength to split the shell, and oddly enough, it is far easier to manipulate a fairly heavy hammer to the right force than a light one.

On no account should you attempt to crack hard-shelled almonds with a hammer direct on the dining-room table, unless it happens to be a solid oak refectory table of about the fourteenth century. A hard and fairly heavy block is important, to absorb the weight of your hammer-blows, and to give the almond the right resistance to the blows. In the long run it is not exactly a job for the dinner-table. Cracking soft-shelled almonds with nutcrackers at table is a pleasing and appropriate after-dinner ploy. But hammer and executioner's block are best used somewhere in the background.



ALMOND BLOSSOM: LONDON'S FIRST GENERAL SIGN OF SPRING, AND ONE OF ITS MOST POPULAR FLOWERING TREES.

Photograph by J. E. Downward.



A YOUNG ALMOND TREE IN FULL BLOSSOM. "WHAT A FORTUNATE THING IT IS THAT THE ALMOND GROWS SO WELL IN LONDON... TO FLOWER SERENELY WHEN WINTER IS BEATING A RELUCTANT, MALEVOLENT RETREAT."

Photograph by J. E. Downward.



ONE OF THE MOST ATTRACTIVE OF THE TEN NATIONAL EXHIBITS AT THE GHENT FLORALIES: THAT STAGED BY THE TULIP SOCIETY OF THE NETHERLANDS.



A FRENCH CO-OPERATIVE EXHIBIT, WITH AN ELABORATE LANDSCAPE BACKCLOTH, THE FLOWERS EXHIBITED BEING MAINLY FLORISTS' VARIETIES OF HYDRANGEA.



A GERMAN COLLECTIVE EXHIBIT OF GREAT RICHNESS AND TASTE, SHOWING MAINLY SHRUBS, DWARF RHODODENDRONS, FERNS AND POLYANTHUS PRIMROSES.



PART OF THE ENGAGING ITALIAN EXHIBIT, SHOWING STATUARY AMONG VARIOUS PLANTS, INCLUDING AN ORANGE-TREE, LILIES, ANTHURIUMS, AND SANSEVERIAS.



A BELGIAN CO-OPERATIVE EXHIBIT, SHOWING DWARF RHODODENDRONS, OR AZALEAS, PLANTED IN A ROCK GARDEN SETTING WITH A WATERFALL.



"BADGER DELL": PART OF THE BRITISH WOODLAND GARDEN, STAGED BY BRITISH NURSERYMEN AND AMATEURS, WHICH WON A SPECIAL AWARD: THE ROTARY PRIZE.

ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST BRILLIANT FLOWER SPECTACLES: EXHIBITS FROM THE TWENTY-THIRD GHENT "FLORALIES."

Ten different countries staged exhibits at the twenty-third international Florales, which was opened by the King of the Belgians at Ghent on April 23; and for the first time since 1933 there was a British section. The Florales, which is staged every five years, is considered a horticultural spectacle that is equalled nowhere else in the world—all the exhibits must conform to an over-riding architectural plan—and this year covered a larger area than ever before. It especially attracts exhibitors from the flower- and plant-exporting countries; and so British exhibits at Ghent are more of a prestige than an economic proposition. Nevertheless,

a number of firms exhibited and many combined with some amateur gardeners to stage a British woodland garden, covering 4000 sq. ft., which won a special award, the Rotary Prize. The standard of cultivation throughout the show was very high; especially in the stove plants and in the azaleas for which Ghent is so famous and to which it has given its name. A new scarlet rose from France called "Soraya" attracted much attention; and much interest was shown in an exhibit of plants of the Belgian Congo. The Hon. David Bowes-Lyon, the President of the R.H.S., was President of the International Jury of Honour.

Photographs by J. E. Downward.

THE hope of a treaty which would regularise the situation of Austria has cheated Western statesmen year by year. The country has remained in a most uncomfortable and unsatisfactory state, neither one thing nor the other. Soviet Russia often professed readiness to conclude a treaty, and more than one effort was made to do so. No progress resulted, however, and until relatively lately there did not appear to be a prospect of any. The reason why Russia imposed impossible conditions or withdrew from discussion without any serious argument was clear enough. It was different from that which had prevented the reunion of divided Germany. Russia did not fear Austria, and separate Governments were not set up in free and Communist sections of the country. It was the strategic position of Austria, which attracted the Soviet Government, and which it could not make up its mind to abandon. Now its intentions appear to have changed completely.

Since strategic considerations took so high a place in Russia's refusal to agree to any arrangement which would entail withdrawing her forces from Austrian soil, the inference must be that they have played a part, though there may be other factors too, in leading her to adopt her present attitude. The changing face of modern warfare and the strengthening of the Russian and Communist hold on the satellite countries of Eastern Europe, would suffice to account for the strategic influence on the change. The rest is matter for speculation. It may well have appeared to be an improvement on the present state of affairs to set up Austria in freedom, provided she gives a guarantee to enter into no foreign alliances. This the Austrian Government appears to be quite willing and even anxious to do. The Western Powers can hardly object to the project. At first sight all looks plain sailing.

This may prove to be so, but those who imagine that the business ought to be concluded in a matter of days when the interested parties sit down to work are too optimistic. Austria, it is said, is to be "another Switzerland" in the matter of neutrality, but Switzerland is neutral from choice, not in exchange for benefits received, or even for a restoration of rights. Were a demand made that the armed forces of the new Austria should be limited to a certain number or deprived of certain weapons, this would be a restriction on Austrian sovereignty which would have no parallel in Switzerland. And this would be as likely to bring about strong objections in Austria as well as in the Western countries. In any case, it seems likely that, if all goes well, there will eventually be a Four-Power Agreement guaranteeing Austrian integrity and independence—incidentally, another feature which will lessen the likeness to Switzerland.

We should all have learnt by now, from our observation of events since the war in the international field, that hitches occur often and with no warning, even when negotiations look straightforward. Some reasons have been put forward tentatively for the remarkable *volte-face* in Russian policy. Whether or not they are correct, they are assuredly not complete. Mr. Molotov has scored a diplomatic success already. He has taken the initiative and gained credit for generosity, since the proposals include that of handing back Russian holdings in economic undertakings in Austria. He has delighted the Austrian Government, which is enthusiastic about his offer, and put the Western Powers in a quandary, since, unless they applaud the Russian lead without knowing what it means, they will be accused of being selfish and reactionary. He has puzzled everybody. If some of the comment has been suspicious, Russia has no cause for complaint, because in the past her simplest proposals have been found to have the backing of ulterior motives.

On the whole, however, the prospects of an Austrian settlement look pretty good. If anyone imagines that a similar development is to be expected with regard to Germany, he is almost certainly in error. That Russia would dearly like to see all Germany neutralised is true, and it is also the case that neutralism is by no means without its adherents in Germany itself, both East and West. The heaviest diplomatic defeat suffered by Russia for a long time has been over the treaties which give the Federal Republic self-government in a full sense and accord it the right of self-defence. They were bitterly and doggedly opposed by Russia. She threatened and cozened. She made direct appeals to France in an endeavour to separate her from her allies and partners in the North Atlantic Treaty. Lately she has announced that she will assist the fuller militarisation of the so-called East German Police. She would say good-bye to this highly doubtful instrument of force with pleasure if she could secure German neutralisation, coupled with German reunion. It is unlikely that she will.

The Western Powers did not allow themselves to be deterred either by threats or by the resistance which in some cases they had to meet in their own countries. This was substantial here, but immensely strong in France. British statesmanship was steady and unruffled. It surely cannot be imagined that we should be prepared to lose what we have struggled for over long years, and seen recede as the result of French timidity whenever it approached. Nor can we suppose that Dr. Adenauer will let slip the reward of his prolonged and patient labour. He has always had one weak political flank. Nearly all good Germans desire the reunion of their country. He will not accept

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. TREATIES AND PROSPECTS OF TREATIES.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

on terms limiting its freedom, in constitution or in action. He thus lies open to the reproach, from parties who do not bear his responsibility, of being lukewarm, or even colder than that, on the subject of reunion.

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CELEBRATING THE BURMESE NEW YEAR WATER FESTIVAL IN TRADITIONAL STYLE: THE BURMESE PRIME MINISTER, U NU, THROWING WATER OVER COLONEL NASSER (CENTRE LEFT), WHILE MR. NEHRU (RIGHT) LOOKS ON. The visit to Rangoon of the Prime Ministers of Egypt and of India, Colonel Nasser and Mr. Nehru, en route for the Afro-Asian Conference at Bandung, coincided with the Burmese New Year Water Festival, during which water is thrown over friends and acquaintances as a symbol of good wishes. Our photograph shows U Nu casting water over Colonel Nasser, while Mr. Nehru watches. All three Prime Ministers are wearing Burmese dress.

He has always put his own case in this respect with both skill and dignity.

Naturally, he has his own German point of view in this matter. Yet it is not unlike that of the United States, the United Kingdom, and now even of France. These States will not accept reunion of Germany without completely free elections. Nor will they agree to any arrangements which would prevent the reunited Germany from pursuing a free foreign policy. And a free foreign policy involves, to their minds, the right to enter into such alliances as may seem suitable to its future Government. Whereas, therefore, they might be prepared to endorse an Austrian treaty which would neutralise Austria, this is not the case as regards Germany, unless Germany should demand neutralisation for herself. As matters stand at present such a development is unlikely. On the other hand, whatever be Russia's intentions about Austria, it is improbable that she is ready to see a reunified Germany in a state of full military and diplomatic freedom. Here the prospects of the two countries are sharply differentiated.

All this is apposite to the question of a Four-Power Conference as proposed by Soviet Russia. Many people in this country seem to look upon it as a panacea for all international ills. It certainly ought to take place as soon as possible. But one can hardly feel hopeful that, if it does, it will achieve much in the way of straightening out the German tangle—and Germany is the biggest problem in Europe to-day, short of the general one of the avoidance of war. There exists some slight possibility of an improvement in the relations between Western and Eastern Germany, but little or none of a general settlement. If the Western Powers are correct in their forecast of what would be the result of free elections, the effect would be to free Germany from Russia's hold. We cannot believe that, in present circumstances, this would be permitted. There may well be other questions about which it would be worth while to hold such a conference—but not reunion.

As I have often written in these pages, as the world is now divided, rapid solutions of international problems are seldom to be expected. It does not help matters to fume when they fail to appear. Patience and fortitude must go alongside diplomatic endeavour. They have characterised American and British dealings with the Federal Republic of Germany over a number of years, and only those inexorably opposed to the Republic's right to defend itself will assert that they have not been fruitful. In the long run Germany will, so far as human foresight can discern, become one again. For the present, Germany is caught up in the meshes of the extraordinary events which have developed out of the Second World War. It is something that the Federal Republic has, with Western aid, shaken itself as free as is the case this year.

The strong tensions are still to be found in Asia rather than in Europe. In the United States opinion seems to be growing that American endorsement—and there has been at times something near it—of Nationalist China's policy, especially for the moment as regards the offshore islands in the Formosa Channel, would be a serious mistake. One has felt all along that the President would be glad to be rid of the risks which they represent. It may be that we do not always realise the strength of the difficulties in his path at home, but more especially in Formosa. Lately there have been further reports of the building-up of Communist power along this coast. It does not look likely that China has for the time being any intention of using this strength even against the little islands, still less against Formosa, but the whole situation is charged with gunpowder. I again differentiate between Formosa and these small islands, and when I say I should be glad to see the latter in the hands of those who possess the mainland, I do not dream of saying the same about Formosa.

Meanwhile, the Conference in Indonesia has exhibited what might almost be called a spirit of sweet reasonableness, which does not, however, go to the root of major problems. Whatever else may be said about it, there can be no doubt that the great majority of the delegates are in earnest in their desire for world peace. The representatives of Communist States have paid tribute to the ideas embodied in the blessed word "co-existence." For China it is known to stand for co-existence on terms which include, according to earlier announcements, the return of Formosa. Whereas such terms for the return of the offshore islands would arouse considerable sympathy in many circles which have no love for Communism, and could be considered realistic, this cannot be said of Formosa. No demand for that will, in the foreseeable future, be considered by the United States.

Is there any way in which Britain can help in this matter? It does seem possible that a clear statement of this country's attitude would be not unwelcome to the State Department, and would be sympathetically regarded by the body of American opinion which has become uneasy about the situation. We might say that we should be glad to see the little islands on the coast handed over but, at the same time, should consider any attack on Formosa to be wilful aggression which ought to be resisted, and should at once be brought before the United Nations. Whether a settlement would emerge on these lines is most doubtful, but a breathing-space might.



COMPLETED IN 1933 AND OPENED BY KING GEORGE V.: ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY. THE SCHOOL, WHICH CAME INTO BEING DURING THE CRIMEAN WAR, HAS A MOST DISTINGUISHED RECORD IN THE FIELD OF MEDICAL RESEARCH.



IN THE WRIGHT-FLEMING INSTITUTE: CLINICAL STUDENTS ATTENDING A LECTURE IN THE LECTURE THEATRE. FORMERLY KNOWN AS THE INOCULATION DEPARTMENT, IT WAS RENAMED IN 1947 IN HONOUR OF ITS TWO FAMOUS DIRECTORS, SIR ALMROTH WRIGHT AND SIR ALEXANDER FLEMING.

APPEALING FOR FUNDS: ST. MARY'S, PADDINGTON; ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS MEDICAL SCHOOLS.

St. Mary's Hospital Medical School, which was visited by Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother during its centenary celebrations last November, was founded in 1854 and has since become one of the most important and distinguished Medical Schools in this country. The school has an outstanding record in the field of medical research. It was in the laboratories at St. Mary's that the late Sir Alexander Fleming discovered penicillin. The year 1920 marked an important milestone in the history of St. Mary's, for in December of that year Dr. Charles McMoran Wilson (now Lord Moran) was elected Dean, and during his tenure of office, which lasted until 1945, the Medical School was "both

materially and spiritually re-created." The present Medical School buildings were completed in 1933 with the generous gifts of individual donors—such as Lord Beaverbrook and the late Lord Revelstoke—supplemented by a grant from the University of London. In 1931 the foundation-stone was laid by H.R.H. the Duchess of York (now Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother) and two years later the new Medical School and Pathological Institute were formally opened by H.M. King George V. On this, and on following pages, we show our artist's impressions of some of the buildings and activities at the Medical School, which has launched an appeal for funds to enable it to extend its work.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



OUTSIDE THE CURRICULUM: STUDENTS OF ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL ENJOYING A VALUABLE FORM OF RELAXATION IN THE SWIMMING-POOL. THERE IS A FLOURISHING SWIMMING CLUB.

While each and every department of St. Mary's Medical School, Paddington, London, W.2, is actively engaged in the struggle to enlarge the frontiers of knowledge it also bears the responsibility of imparting proven knowledge to the next generation. The 450 students, of which 15 per cent. are women, have a full and exacting curriculum, but part of medical education consists of social and athletic activities, and St. Mary's has a most distinguished record in the field of athletics. The Rugby Football Club is one of the oldest in the country; and since the opening of the new Medical School, with its beautiful swimming-bath (a specific gift from an individual donor), the

Swimming Club has flourished. Thus in many and varied fields, St. Mary's has a proud record, but the Medical School possesses no independent capital funds, and on the occasion of its centenary an appeal was launched for £250,000, the sum needed to continue and extend the work. No cause is more worthy, no investment more rewarding, since the sole object is to lessen the ravages of disease and to diminish human suffering. In the great laboratories of the Wright-Fleming Institute—named after its famous directors, Sir Almroth Wright and Sir Alexander Fleming, and now incorporated with the Medical School—and in the laboratories of the Medical

School itself, a scientific staff of more than 100 people is engaged day and night upon research into problems lying just beyond the present frontiers of medical knowledge. One of the essentials for the successful prosecution of medical research is a full measure of freedom, creating an environment in which the human mind is capable of its most original and creative work. This freedom can only be assured if there are funds available at centres like St. Mary's, divorced from rigid central control. Such funds can only be obtained in the future, as in the past, if substantial voluntary help is forthcoming. Research work in the Wright-Fleming Institute has never been subsidised

from Exchequer Funds, neither does the Medical School come in any way within the ambit of the National Health Service. It is true that the Medical School receives grants from the University Grants Committee and the University of London, but these grants are, in the main, such as will only suffice for teaching and for a strictly limited amount of research. Outstanding research achievements which have had their origin at St. Mary's include: the discovery by Sir Alexander Fleming of Penicillin, which has already saved millions of lives; the development of Vaccine Therapy and the introduction of Typhoid Inoculation by Sir Almroth Wright.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY BRYAN DE GRIBEAU.



LISTENING TO A GRAMOPHONE RECITAL: MEN AND WOMEN MEDICAL STUDENTS IN THE WOMEN'S COMMON ROOM. SINCE OCTOBER 1947 WOMEN STUDENTS TO THE EXTENT OF 15 PER CENT. OF THE ENTRY HAVE BEEN ADMITTED BY ALL LONDON MEDICAL SCHOOLS.



AT ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS OF THE LONDON MEDICAL SCHOOLS: STUDENTS AT WORK IN THE SURGICAL UNIT LABORATORY, WHERE CONSTANT RESEARCH IS CARRIED OUT. THE WORLD'S FIRST FROZEN HUMAN ARTERY BANK WAS FORMED IN ST. MARY'S SURGICAL UNIT.

WORK AND RELAXATION: ASPECTS OF STUDENT LIFE AT ST. MARY'S MEDICAL SCHOOL, PADDINGTON.

The money for which St. Mary's Hospital Medical School is appealing in its Centenary Fund will be used to provide more adequate space for research in all the hard-pressed departments. These extensions will provide increased laboratory facilities for the Departments of Medicine, Surgery and Obstetrics and Gynaecology, Pathology and Chemical Pathology. Already over £100,000 has been subscribed which includes gifts from many large industrial concerns, both in this country and in the United States. Some of St. Mary's achievements in the field of research are given on the previous page, but others include: the invention of

the Electrocardiograph, vital in the diagnosis of heart disease and in the examination of the heart; the establishment of the world's first Frozen Human Artery Bank; the treatment of Asphyxia Neonatorum—the discovery of new means of assisting new born and premature infants to commence breathing; and the establishment of a special unit for the treatment of Tuberculous Meningitis. Most of these advances in medical science have of themselves won world-wide acclaim. The fact that all of them have sprung from within St. Mary's Medical School represents an achievement which no similar institution in the world has equalled.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



THE QUEEN MOTHER AT TIDWORTH: INSPECTING THE 1ST BN., THE BEDFORDSHIRE AND HERTFORDSHIRE REGIMENT, OF WHICH REGIMENT SHE IS COLONEL-IN-CHIEF.



WITH THE QUEEN MOTHER AT THE SALUTING-BASE (L.): THE NEW COLOURS, WHICH SHE PRESENTED TO THE 1ST BN. THE BEDFORDSHIRE AND HERTFORDSHIRE REGT. BEING PARADED.



THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, COLONEL OF THE SCOTS GUARDS, AT WELLINGTON BARRACKS TO INSPECT THE 1ST BN. OF THE REGIMENT: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS INSPECTING THE PIPERS.



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AFTER HAVING SPENT AN HOUR DOWN THE FERNHILL COLLIERY: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS LEAVING THE LIFT OF THE PIT-SHAFT.



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN UNIFORM: PRESENTING THE CHARTER OF INCORPORATION OF THE NEW BOROUGH OF RHONDDA TO THE CHAIRMAN OF THE URBAN DISTRICT COUNCIL.



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH DRESSED TO GO DOWN THE PIT: LISTENING TO THE FERNHILL SURFACE CHOIR SINGING, CONDUCTED BY MR. WILLIAM JOHN DAVIES.

STATELY, MILITARY AND INFORMAL: ACTIVITIES OF THE QUEEN MOTHER AND OF THE DUKES OF EDINBURGH AND GLOUCESTER.

On April 25 Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother flew by helicopter from Windsor to Tidworth, and presented Colours to the 1st Bn. The Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire Regiment, of which her Majesty is Colonel-in-Chief; and also presented Meritorious Service Medals. Among the recipients were Major A. B. Sale (ret.), shown in mufti, second from the end of the front line in our photograph, and Sergeant G. Challenger—bearded—as he is a Pioneer Sergeant.—His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, Colonel of the Scots Guards, inspected the 1st Bn. Scots Guards at Wellington Barracks, on April 27.—The Duke of Edinburgh visited

Rhondda on April 28 and presented the Charter of Incorporation of the new Borough to Mr. Ivor Jones, Chairman of the Rhondda Urban District Council. Later he changed from military uniform to his old naval working rig, a light-blue shirt, dark-blue overall trousers and duffle coat, and, carrying the pit official's stick and an electric lamp, and wearing a white safety helmet, went down the Fernhill mine and spent over an hour underground; and he later attended the Charter celebration luncheon at the Polikoff factory, Treorchy. He received a great welcome from the miners and the people of the Rhondda Valley.

THE AFGHANISTAN OF FIVE THOUSAND YEARS AGO: EXCAVATING THE HUGE BRONZE AGE MOUND OF MUNDIGAK, ABANDONED THREE THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

By JEAN-MARIE CASAL, Head of the French Mission Archéologique des Indes.



FIG. 1. ONE OF THE FEW ARTICLES DISCOVERED IN THE STAGE BELOW THE GRANARY LEVEL AT MUNDIGAK: A BRONZE KNIFE, PHOTOGRAPHED BY X-RAYS TO SHOW THE TANG LYING INSIDE THE BONE HANDLE.

FOLLOWING the discoveries of remains of the Bronze Age, made during the past century, all over the Near East, and the surveys and excavations carried on for the last fifty years in India and Pakistan, it was to be expected that such finds could be made in Afghanistan also.

Sondages made in 1936 by R. Girshmann at Nad-i-Ali, as well as surface collecting of potsherds in Sistan, encouraged this view; but, it was not until 1950, following a methodical survey of the Kandahar area, that a large prehistoric settlement was discovered, which has since been the object of four seasons of excavation.

The mound, the name of which is "Mundigak,"

which literally means "the small mound," was abandoned by its last occupants about 3000 years ago and has not been reoccupied since. Now eroded by wind and rain, it stands, cone-shaped and aloof, in a valley parallel to that of the Arghandab River, twenty miles from the modern Kandahar-Girishk road, about the same distance north-east of Kandahar as the crow flies, and a few hundred yards from the river bed (Fig. 9).

The river which, in theory, waters this district, enclosed between ranges of rocky hills, appears to have been dry for centuries except for occasional sudden spates when rainstorms break out in the surrounding hills.

One wonders how such a settlement could rise and grow in that wilderness, so far away from places fit for urban development, or from trade routes. But at the time of seasonal migration, when people and cattle move down for winter, or come up with the spring, every evening black tents are pitched for the night in this valley and disappear the next morning. There is no doubt, indeed, that we stand on one of the main traditional traffic roads, just as did the old cities, whose remains scatter the Helmand Valley and Sistan. This is still the best way for people depending on water supply and travelling as nomads do, with cattle and herds, from the Indian plains to the Afghan mountains.

Although to-day the cultivated areas are scarce, and depend for their water supply on *karez* or underground channels which collect water at the foothills, it is, nevertheless, credible that in those remote

times, when Mundigak was flourishing, the water supply could be obtained from the river.

In a first season's digging, a large *sondage* had shown that thirteen construction levels could be distinguished, roughly ranging from the end of the fourth millennium to the beginning of the first; three subsequent seasons' work disclosed the upper strata.

The last and topmost occupation, which was the only one to produce a few scraps of iron, displayed *pisé* structures which looked like granaries, the main features of which were rows of bench-high walls. These granaries are obviously similar to the "Great Granary" of Harappa, although much smaller and built of different material. Close to them, the remains of coffer-like structures could have been used as silos (Fig. 2). Three superimposed constructions of the same kind suggested a rather long occupation. The third and last one, however, presented but a narrow field for excavation owing to the conical shape of the mound; it yielded the ruins of a small hexagonal chamber, adjoining the "benches" area and containing, besides pots and basins, a fair amount of sling clay bullets together with stone arrow-heads. One more arrow-head from the same layer, made of bronze, three-winged and provided with a shaft-hole, gives some clue as to the date of the occupation, and points towards the very beginning of the first millennium B.C. However, this small room, which seems to have been a guard-room, and the warlike objects it contained, rather suggest times of trouble and insecurity.

Just below these granaries, intermediate layers give evidence that the site remained unoccupied between this period and the previous occupation except for occasional small settlements, witnessed by traces of ashes and fire places scattered over or dug into the ruins of the previous building.

With that building, we reach one important stage in the life of the *tepe*. Its remains are a large, massy structure made of mud-bricks. As far as can be figured out, it appears like a huge truncated half-pyramid, made of masonry cubes piled up. Its top was terraced, and these terraces show evidence of having been extensively repaired at least once while in use. The northern side of the main bulk of the structure is overlooked by a higher massive structure of brickwork adjoining it, which seems to have been used as a base for one or more rectangular cells. These, but for one, were so badly damaged that we can only guess their use and purpose.

We must also confess being at a loss to explain the general meaning of the structure. The few finds connected with it do not give any clue: a bronze knife bone-handled (Fig. 1), a few sherds of a rather fine quality do not help much. The few pieces of evidence available are only negative: the general features do not fit in with a military building, nor with domestic purposes.

There is one find, however, which may be the key to our difficulties. It consists of a small terracotta figurine, broken, but best paralleled by a similar one found in mixed layers on a small mound lying close to the main one (Fig. 4). It represents a female bust and one seems entitled to see in this figurine some embodiment of a Mother-Goddess. Having no other explanation to offer, we feel inclined to attribute a religious significance, although quite undefined as yet, to that monument.

But, interesting as it may be, the importance of this monument was overshadowed by the discovery of a similar underlying structure unearthed during the spring excavations of 1954. This earlier

edifice, cloaked by the huge masonry piles of the subsequent one, displayed the most striking characteristics.

The most interesting feature is two rows of half-columns, facing north, standing at both ends of a wall running from east to west and forming an axis of the monument. The eastern colonnade is very ruined and only a few bases are still visible. But the western part has been better preserved, although the westernmost end has been cut off by erosion. Above that row, and resting plainly on the top of it, runs an ornamented zone where bricks form cavities in the shape of stepped battlements, every odd one being disposed upside down (Fig. 7). Along the column bases, a small bench-like platform stretches out (Figs. 6, 8 and 10). The whole façade had been whitewashed several times except for one door, the frame of which had been painted in bright red colour.

North of the east-west axis formed by the colonnades, we have a suite of chambers and courtyards communicating with each other, which extends right



FIG. 2. THE LAST AND TOPMOST LEVEL OF THE MUNDIGAK MOUND: A RANGE OF SMALL, COFFER-LIKE STRUCTURES OF *PISE*, WHICH MAY HAVE BEEN USED AS SILOS. THESE LAY CLOSE TO WHAT APPEARED TO BE GRANARIES OF THE SAME MATERIAL, WHICH RESEMBLED THE GREAT GRANARY OF HARAPPA, IN THE INDUS VALLEY.

up to the edge of the mound, whereas southward, another scheme has been designed: the central part, as far as excavation enables us now to see, seems to be a mass of brickwork forming a terrace. A door (the red-painted one) opening through the row of columns, leads to a passage that runs along the brickwork and, turning at right-angles, ended in steps leading up to the top (Fig. 11).

Surrounding that bulk which can be considered the nucleus of the whole building, we find, west and south (the eastern side being far too decayed to bring any certainty), a system of perpendicular walls, climbing up the slopes of the mound and forming a net of small rectangular cells. These communicate neither with each other, nor with the outside, which suggests that one aperture had been provided through the roofs. Anyway, the purpose of these cells is evident, and their use as storerooms or godowns has been shown by the many finds they yielded. Two of them in particular contained carefully sorted pottery vessels of different kinds (Fig. 11).

As regards the general meaning of this building, we face the same problem as previously with the upper one. Living quarters of the same period, as evidenced by excavations carried out on a secondary *tepe* lying close by, show that neither its size nor the finds made in it are easily reconciled with the idea that it was meant for domestic life: there is no one hearth in these large northern rooms, and pottery, as shown by sherds, is too scarce to meet the requirements of everyday life. Supposing it to be communal property, we do not see traces in the structural outlines of any military design. Consequently, once more we have to consider a religious purpose, however vague it still may be.



FIG. 4. A FEMALE BUST IN TERRACOTTA: PERHAPS A MOTHER - GODDESS. THIS FIGURINE SHOWS THE ORNAMENTS WORN BY THE WOMEN OF THE END OF THE THIRD AND THE BEGINNING OF THE SECOND MILLENNIUM. BELOW NECKLACES SHOWN AS TWO PAINTED BLACK LINES, IS A NECKLACE SHOWN IN RELIEF—ONE BOSS ALONE SURVIVES; AND BELOW THIS A PENDANT HANGS BETWEEN THE BREASTS.



FIG. 5. SMALL TERRACOTTA FIGURINES, SHOWING HUMPED INDIAN BULLS, FOUND AT VARIOUS LEVELS OF THE MOUND.



FIG. 3. SEALS FROM VARIOUS LEVELS OF THE MOUND: (READING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, TOP TO BOTTOM) A STONE SEAL OF THE FOURTH LEVEL; TWO STONE SEALS OF THE TIME OF THE COLUMNED BUILDING; A STONE SEAL OF THE LATER MONUMENT AGE; AND TWO BRONZE SEALS OF THE SAME PERIOD.

THE DESERTED MOUND OF MUNDIGAK: A PILLARED TEMPLE N.-E. OF KANDAHAR.



FIG. 6. THE HUGE PILLARED MONUMENT OF THE THIRD MILLENNIUM, THE WESTERN END SEEN FROM THE NORTHERN ROOMS.



FIG. 8. THE WESTERN END OF THE COLONNADE OF HALF-COLUMNS. THIS END WAS WELL PRESERVED AND ORIGINALLY WHITEWASHED.



FIG. 9. OCCUPIED FOR ABOUT 2000 YEARS—DURING WHICH IT ROSE 60 FT.—BUT ABANDONED FOR THE LAST 3000 YEARS: THE GREAT MOUND OF MUNDIGAK, ABOUT 20 MILES NORTH-EAST OF KANDAHAR—BEFORE EXCAVATION.



FIG. 7. A DETAIL OF THE CURIOUS "STEPPED BATTLEMENT" DECORATION, MADE OF BRICKS, WHICH RAN ABOVE THE HALF-COLUMNS.



FIG. 10. DETAIL OF THE HALF-COLUMNS, SHOWING THE UPPER DECORATION (FIG. 7). THE DOORWAY (RIGHT) WAS PAINTED RED.



FIG. 11. THE MOUND DURING EXCAVATION. (TOP, CENTRE) THE PILLARED MONUMENT; (RIGHT) ROOMS USED AS POTTERY STORES, AND A STAIR LEADING TO THE TOP; AND (LEFT) WALLS OF THE NORTHERN SUITE OF ROOMS. IN THE FOREGROUND, A SONDAGE CUT DOWN TO VIRGIN SOIL.

On the opposite page Dr. CASAL describes the uncovering of the main levels of the Mundigak Bronze Age mound in Afghanistan. Concerning the detail of these and earlier levels, he writes:—

IN order to help figure out the main outline of the sequence displayed by the site, we shall now summarise the results so far obtained. Putting in parallel architectural discoveries with a short account of the connected finds, we can retrace as follows from the very beginnings the main steps through which life developed at Mundigak: (1) We find first a series of nine levels only known by a sondage cut down to the virgin soil (Fig. 11). The stratigraphical evidence shows, first, semi-nomadic settlements, superseded by the first occupation, which manifests itself with pisé structures. Then appears brickwork, and mud-bricks only are henceforth used throughout succeeding reconstructions. The pottery, at first coarse and plain, develops into finer fabrics among which painted pottery occurs. Scarce in the beginnings, and known only from a few sherds, the painted pottery becomes more and more important, mainly from the eighth level onwards. Fairly

abundant in the ninth level, it shows an intimate relation with the Quetta ware, and reveals traces of foreign contacts (Fig. 19). From the start, it belongs to the "buff" family. Metal (bronze or copper) is only attested from the sixth level. A carbon 14 test dated the fifth level as 2625 B.C. ± 300. (2) With these nine levels piling up, the mound has already risen up to some 30 ft. above the plain. The occupants then shift down and fix their living quarters close by, as evidenced by excavations carried out there. So far the deserted mound is not abandoned, and it is now used as a huge pedestal on which the monument, ornamented with columns and stepped motives, is built (Fig. 11). The pottery is still a buff ware (Figs. 17 and 18). The typical vessel of that period is a footed bowl with globular body contracted in its upper part, which is much like the "verre d'égustation." Its decoration recalls mostly Kulli (Figs. 20-23) and the Indus Valley (Figs. 24-26). For the time being, comparisons with other sites suggest the second half of the third millennium as a provisional dating for that level. As shown by excavation, this period is likely to have ended by violence. (3) Without any noticeable gap, this monument is replaced by a bigger but coarser one, the purpose of which could be

[Continued overleaf.]

THE "BRANDY BALLOONS" OF ANCIENT AFGHANISTAN, AND OTHER POTTERY.



FIG. 12. THIS, LIKE FIG. 13, COMES FROM THE LEVEL WHICH SUCCEEDED THE PILLARED BUILDING. VIOLET ON RED.



FIG. 13. ORNAMENTED WITH A VIOLET-PURPLE GEOMETRICAL PATTERN ON RED SLIP. THIRD MILLENNIUM.



FIG. 14. ABOUT THE PERIOD OF THE GRANARY BUILDINGS: EXAMPLES OF THE GRAY, SLIGHTLY BURNISHED, POTTERY.



FIG. 15. A SHALLOW BOWL OF ORANGE-RED WARE: OF THE SAME PERIOD AS THE PLAIN GRAY OF FIG. 14.



FIG. 16. A SMALL TOOL-HANDLE OF CARVED STONE WHICH REPEATS THE BATTLEMENT PATTERN OF FIG. 7.

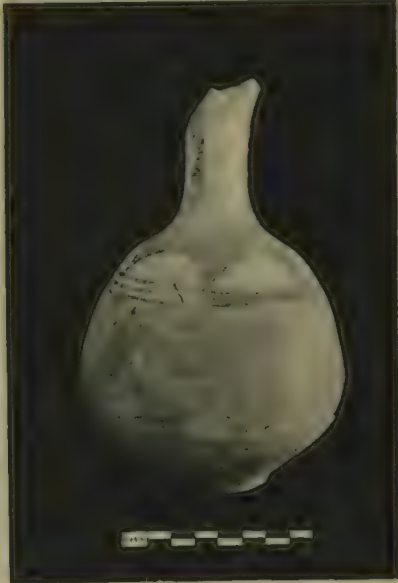


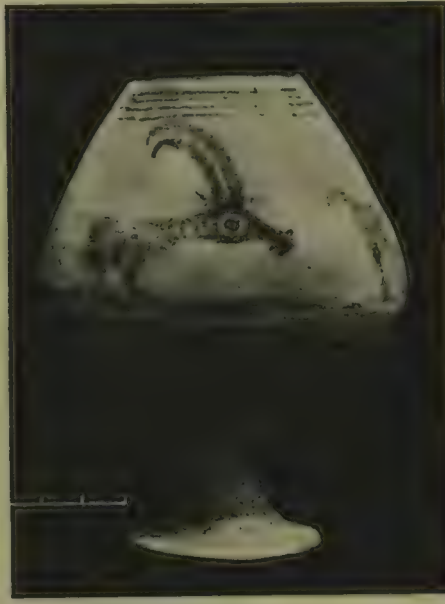
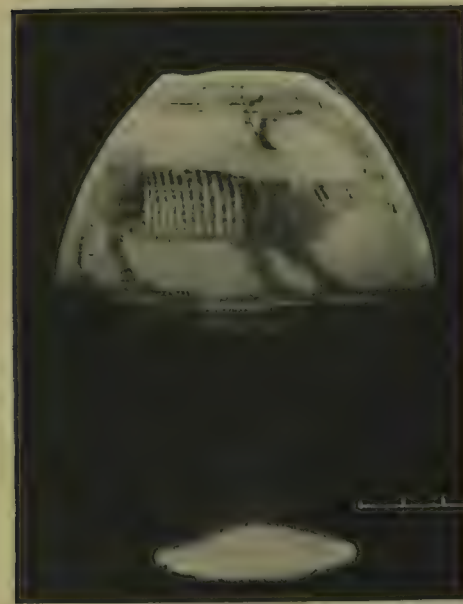
FIG. 17. FROM A SECONDARY MOUND, OF THE PILLARED BUILDING PERIOD: A BUFF AND VIOLET DECANTER.



FIG. 18. TWO POTS OF BUFF WARE WITH DECORATION OF A GEOMETRIC CHARACTER IN VIOLET-PURPLE. OF THE SAME PERIOD AND LEVEL AS FIG. 17.



FIG. 19. AN ELEGANT BUFF POT, FROM THE NINTH LEVEL, INTIMATELY RELATED WITH QUETTA WARE.



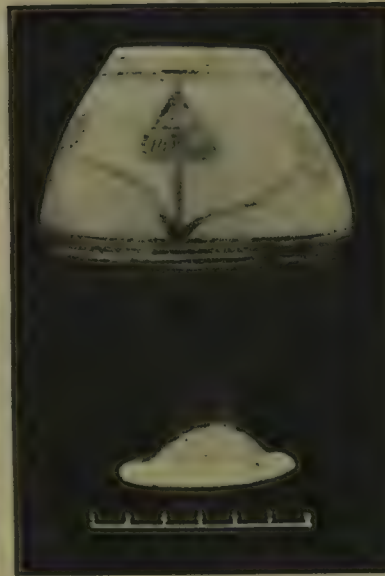
FIGS. 20-23 (ABOVE) AND 24-26 (BELOW). THE TYPICAL VESSELS OF THE PILLARED BUILDING LEVEL: POTTERY "BRANDY BALLOONS." (*Verres a Dégustation*) IN A BUFF WARE DECORATED IN PURPLE WITH BIRDS AND IBEXES (20-23) OR PIPAL LEAVES (24-26).

Continued from previous page. the same as before. Nevertheless, this stage shows a break with the former occupations. Newcomers must be responsible for that edifice, as shown by the pottery which appears along with it. Instead of being the traditional "buff," it becomes red. The decorative pattern, purely geometrical, is painted deep purple on the red slip (Figs. 12 and 13). (4) During a seemingly very long intermediate period, we see not only the later monument slowly deteriorating, but its being used occasionally as a camping ground by shepherds or nomadic people. As a correlative, the art of pot-painting degenerates and the background becomes dark. (5) Finally, people settled

[Continued opposite.]



Continued. again. The top of the mound, made flat and level, is once more ready for new structures. They are now granaries of *pisé* which are to be three times reconstructed, with about the same design. The pottery, slightly burnished, is plain, dark gray or orange-red (Figs. 14 and 15). Iron, perhaps not much in use, is nevertheless attested. With the last reconstruction, the times seem to be insecure. It was probably by some conflagration that, in the early centuries of the first millennium B.C., after some 2000 years of life, all activity was swept away, and the *tepe* of Mundigak has stood on since then, slowly disintegrating, alone and deserted.



SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL'S EXHIBITS IN THIS YEAR'S ROYAL ACADEMY.



(ABOVE.)
"BOTTLESCAPE, c. 1925": ONE OF THE TWO PAINTINGS WHICH SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, K.G., P.C., O.M., C.H., M.P., HON. R.A. EXTRAORDINARY, IS EXHIBITING THIS YEAR.

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL'S very considerable gifts as a painter are well known. He first exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1947 (in the following year he was elected Hon. Royal Academician Extraordinary), and since then he has shown examples of his work annually at the Royal Academy Summer exhibitions. This year he is only represented by two paintings, both rather early works—the landscape, indeed, dating from 1919, only four years after Sir Winston had in 1915 begun to study art seriously. He left the Admiralty in that year and had long hours of "utterly unwonted leisure in which to contemplate the frightful unfolding of the war," but found that the practice of painting provided solace and distraction. He has pursued it ever since, and in a comparatively short time he attained considerable

[Continued opposite.



Continued.] skill. The still-life of bottles, glasses and several cigar-boxes, is an unusual picture for Sir Winston, who usually paints landscapes, though he has also been successful with flowers, and at least one interior, painted at Blenheim Palace. The great master of language and phrases has also minted a new word—"Bottle-scape"—to describe it. Sir Winston and Lady Churchill returned from their holiday in Sicily on April 26, and although they did not enjoy very good weather at Syracuse, it is understood that Sir Winston was able to do some painting, and no doubt he found inspiration in the romantic scenery of the island. He was not present at the Royal Academy Banquet on April 27.

Reproduced by permission of Sir Winston Churchill, K.G., P.C., O.M., C.H., M.P., Hon. R.A. Extraordinary.

(LEFT.)
"SUNSET AT ROEHAMPTON, 1919": AN EARLY WORK BY SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL ON VIEW IN GALLERY I. AT BURLINGTON HOUSE IN THE 1955 ROYAL ACADEMY.



I THINK anyone giving a casual glance at the photographs on this page need not feel specially ashamed of himself if he were to decide that the objects depicted in them were porcelain. These were, in fact, intended to look like porcelain when they were made, and the camera is not sufficiently sensitive to show that they are glass, though that is evident enough when you can see and handle them.

The odd thing is that whereas in Europe glass-makers were busily producing passable imitations of porcelain, in China, in the reign of Ch'ien Lung (1736-95), an artist who adopted the delightful name of "Ancient Moon Pavilion" was so much admired for his miniature paintings, often of European flowers and figures, on opaque-white glass, that the Emperor ordered them to be copied in porcelain at the imperial factory. Opaque-white threads of glass were used in Alexandria in Roman times, but as soon as a few specimens of Chinese porcelain reached Europe, the superficial resemblance of these threads to porcelain was obvious, and, in due course, whole vessels began to be made of opaque, as distinct from clear glass. There is a record of an attempt to make porcelain at Venice as early as 1470; no specimens of this early experiment exist, but it is more than likely that they were of glass. There are a few very rare pieces from the sixteenth century; otherwise known Venetian examples are mainly of the eighteenth century, such as the plate illustrated in Fig. 3, which can be dated with accuracy. It is one of a series painted in red monochrome, with views of Venice taken from prints after paintings by Canaletto. It shows the Grand Canal and includes the Church of S. Simeone Piccolo, which was finished in 1738. Horace Walpole brought this, and others of the series, to England in 1741.

Superior people are liable to look down their noses at lesser mortals who bring back from



FIG. 1. AN ENGLISH IMITATION OF SÈVRES PORCELAIN IN GLASS: A SCENT-BOTTLE, c. 1775. (Height, 2½ ins.)

"White glass of the presumed Bristol type was also used for scent-bottles, *étuis*, snuff-boxes and the like. . . . These scent-bottles, etc. . . . chiefly date from about 1770 and later and were inspired by Sèvres porcelain. . . ." writes Mr. W. B. Honey in his handbook on Glass and guide to the Victoria and Albert Museum Collection.

Figs. 1, 2 and 3 by courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum. Crown Copyright Reserved. Fig. 4 by courtesy of Sotheby's.

city they wanted; it was left to a later generation to realise the superlative quality of each of the two painters, irrespective of the scene they portrayed.

The English opaque-white glass (you sometimes hear it referred to as "milk-and-water" glass, which is by no means a bad description) is normally labelled Bristol, and there is no doubt that much of what remains was actually made there, but it was certainly manufactured elsewhere as well; for example, at Stourbridge and Newcastle. The latter place did a considerable trade with Holland in other types of glass-ware, and it has even been argued—not, it seems to me, very convincingly—that cruet-bottles labelled with the names of condiments in Dutch are of Newcastle origin, as if the Dutch were not perfectly capable of making their own "milk-and-water" glass; indeed, the Netherlands were as good as any other country in glass techniques, though maybe a trifle heavy-handed to our taste.

The English trade seems to have been helped by the omission of "enamel glass," as it was then called, from the terms of the Excise Act. Anyway, there is plenty of evidence as to its manufacture at Bristol from the 1750's until about 1790, and much of the painting seems to be by the same hands as the painting on porcelain, which is exactly what you would expect; the glass people, setting out to imitate porcelain, would inevitably employ men already known as ceramic painters. The pair of tea-caddies which appeared last month in a Sotheby sale are first-class examples of this Bristol glass-ware (Fig. 4), and are as English as it is possible to imagine, betraying their date not only by the style of the bouquets of flowers and scattered sprigs on three sides, and the birds perched on branches—characteristics which have close parallels on porcelain—but also by the type of the lettering and the rococo scrolls which enclose it. Both lettering and scrolls are familiar enough on trade cards of the years 1750 to 1770. It is always tempting, when looking

at so pleasant a design, to suggest a possible individual who may have been responsible for it, and I note that the catalogue is discreetly silent on this point, no doubt wisely. Painting of this sort was carried out by many hands in various parts of the country, so that there can be no absolute certainty; one can, however, say that there was a painter, Michael Edkins, who is known to have worked somewhat in this style, and for Bristol manufacturers from 1762 onwards; he himself, in his account books, mentions "canisters," which presumably means tea-caddies. The tops are of gilt-metal in the manner of Matthew Boulton, the Birmingham engineer who took over his father's business of silver stamper in 1759.

Meanwhile there was plenty of activity in Germany of the same sort, and no less obviously inspired by contemporary porcelain. Fig. 2 is a cheerful example, with its two exotic figures, which we are invited to imagine as Chinese, but which are, in fact, no more than adaptations of figures from some wildly extravagant fairyland print by one of the innumerable French followers of Boucher. In addition to the candlesticks, tea-caddies, tankards, and

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. MILK-AND-WATER.

By FRANK DAVIS.

so forth, there is a whole range of little scent-bottles, *étuis*, and sweetmeat boxes, either in clear or "milk-and-water" glass—indeed, dozens of small objects more familiar in enamel, and more rarely known in porcelain; things like Fig. 1, decorated with a tree, a man and a girl with a hayrake, as pretty a bit of nonsense as one could wish. This particular example would appear to be derived from Sèvres porcelain. Sèvres, in its



FIG. 2. DECORATED WITH A GROUP OF A LADY AND AN ORIENTAL ATTENDANT: A GERMAN TANKARD IN OPAQUE-WHITE GLASS, c. 1765. (Height, 5½ ins.)

The simple shape of this German opaque-white glass tankard and the well-placed and decorative group of a lady and an Oriental attendant make it extremely attractive. It is a German piece, dating from c. 1765.

turn, would no doubt obtain an idea or two from the China snuff- and scent-bottles in every variety of material from jade to coral, from porcelain to glass, which came over to Europe during the latter part of the eighteenth century with every home-bound ship. But to be quite sure either of the original model or of the actual place of manufacture of "milk-and-water" glass (or, for that matter, of much of the clear glass) is extremely difficult. For example, it is thought that much of the seventeenth- and eighteenth-century glass found in Spain, even though it may bear Spanish arms and inscriptions, was imported; apart from the inscriptions, it is indistinguishable from Central European glass. Then, apart from the products of the Spanish glass houses, and importations from Germany and Bohemia as the practical monopoly of Venice as a glass-making centre declined, there was glass from the Netherlands, the fine glass of lead from England, and mirrors from France; further back still, importations from Syria and Egypt. These are just a few of the problems which face the enquirer into glass manufacture in one corner of Europe.



FIG. 4. ONE INSCRIBED "GREEN" AND THE OTHER "BOHEA": TWO FINE AND RARE BRISTOL OPAQUE-WHITE GLASS TEA-CADDIES. (Height, 5½ ins.)

These Bristol opaque-white glass tea-caddies of hexagonal section are inscribed "Green" and "Bohea" respectively within rococo scrolls above finely painted birds. The other sides bear bouquets of flowers.

The man who cares to delve into the whole history of the industry, and its cross-currents, has no possible excuse for boredom: but he needs to be tough if he pursues "milk-and-water" glass down to the end of the nineteenth century. It took on a singularly horrible blue tinge, whether it came from Venice or Bohemia or England, and was adorned with monstrous great flowers in sweet-shop colours—a nauseating combination.

FIG. 3. PAINTED IN RED MONOCHROME WITH A VIEW OF VENICE: AN OPAQUE-WHITE GLASS PLATE BROUGHT TO ENGLAND BY HORACE WALPOLE. (Diameter, 8½ ins.)

This large plate is "one of a series painted in red monochrome, with views of Venice copied from prints by C. B. Brustolone after Canaletto. The view of the Grand Canal shown on this plate includes the Church of S. Simeone Piccolo, which was finished in 1738: since this and other similar plates were brought to England by Horace Walpole in 1741 it may be concluded that they were made between 1738 and that date."

their travels one or more agreeable little souvenirs; it may be some comfort to know that Walpole also shared this weakness, as, indeed, did the vast majority of his contemporaries, whether they fell in love with a piece of Venetian glass or a painting by Canaletto or Guardi. It was the view of that lovely

AN IDEAL EXPRESSION OF FRIENDSHIP.

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PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK, AND THE NEWLY-ELECTED A.R.A.s.



MR. H. ANDREW FREETH.
Engraver.



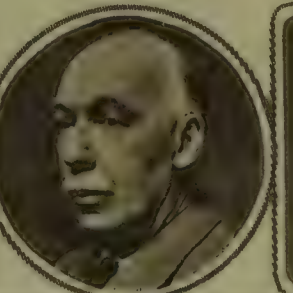
MR. DONALD McMORRAN.
Architect.



MR. DAVID McFALL.
Sculptor.



MR. CAREL WEIGHT.
Painter.



MR. A. GWYNNE-JONES.
Painter.

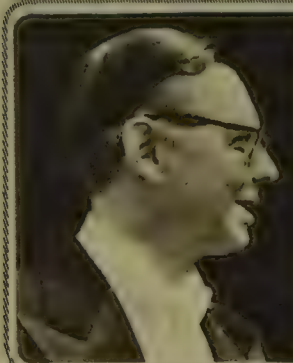


MR. LAURENCE S. LOWRY.
Painter.

THE SIX NEWLY-ELECTED ASSOCIATES OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.

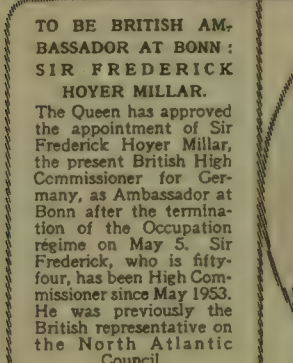
Mr. H. Andrew Freeth, b. 1912, is on the staff of the St. Martin's School of Art and Central School of Art, London. He studied at the College of Art, Birmingham, and British School, Rome, 1936-39 (Rome Scholarship in engraving).—Mr. Donald McMorran, b. 1904, is the partner and former pupil of Mr. Horace Farquharson. They have been twice awarded the London Architecture Medal and are showing three works in this year's R.A. Mr. McMorran is engaged on plans for the new Devon County Hall, Exeter.—Mr. David McFall, b. 1919, studied at the Royal College of Art. His first R.A. exhibit in 1943, "Bull Calf," was a Chantrey Bequest purchase.—Mr. Carel Weight, b. 1908, studied at the

University of London Goldsmiths' College. He first exhibited at the R.A. in 1931; and was awarded the De Laszlo Medal in 1947. He has held many one-man shows in London.—Mr. Allan Gwynne-Jones, b. 1892, Professor of Painting, Royal College of Art, studied at the Slade and was appointed to the Slade Staff in 1930. He served with distinction (D.S.O.) in World War I. He is represented in the Royal collections and public galleries.—Mr. Laurence S. Lowry, b. 1887, has exhibited in the Paris Salon d'Automne, and elsewhere abroad, as well as at home. He has held many one-man shows at the Lefevre Gallery in London since 1939; and his work has been purchased for public galleries.



NEW GERMAN AMBASSADOR IN LONDON: HERR HANS VON HERWARTH.

It was announced in Bonn on May 2 that the new Ambassador from Western Germany, Herr Von Herwarth, takes up his post early this month. He previously held the office of Chief of Protocol in the Federal Government. He is fifty years of age, and speaks excellent English, as well as French and Russian. He succeeds Dr. Schlange-Schöningen, who, at 68, had reached retiring age.



TO BE BRITISH AMBASSADOR AT BONN: SIR FREDERICK HOYER MILLAR.

The Queen has approved the appointment of Sir Frederick Hoyer Millar, the present British High Commissioner for Germany, as Ambassador at Bonn after the termination of the Occupation régime on May 5. Sir Frederick, who is fifty-four, has been High Commissioner since May 1953. He was previously the British representative on the North Atlantic Council.



DEATH OF A WELL-KNOWN ACTRESS: MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER.

Miss Constance Collier, the well-known stage and film actress, died in hospital in New York on April 25, aged seventy-seven. Her early stage successes were mainly achieved with Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, with whom she appeared in "Ulysses," "Twelfth Night" (as Olivia) and "Julius Caesar." After many American tours, she settled in Hollywood and acted in films.



DIED WHILE ADDRESSING A MEETING AT LEICESTER ON MAY 1: MR. ARTHUR DEAKIN, GENERAL SECRETARY OF THE TRANSPORT AND GENERAL WORKERS' UNION.

Mr. Deakin, who was due to retire from the General Secretaryship of the Transport and General Workers' Union on reaching the age of sixty-five in November, collapsed and died while addressing a May Day rally at Leicester. He began his working life in a steel works at thirteen, and an early interest in trade union affairs combined with honesty, courage and solid good sense led him to succeed Mr. Bevin as leader of the T.G.W.U.

THE MONARCH OF TROUBLED VIET-NAM: THE EMPEROR BAO DAI.

The future of Emperor Bao Dai, who has been attempting to direct the troubled and complicated affairs of Viet-Nam by telegraph from the French Riviera, became speculative when, at a Cabinet Meeting held in Saigon on May 1, it was decided to stage a referendum to choose between a Republic and a Monarchy. A "general assembly" voted to depose the Emperor.



THE PRIME MINISTER WHO DEFIED HIS EMPEROR: MR. NGO DINH DIEM.

Mr. Diem, who became Vietnamese Prime Minister last June, has been a somewhat enigmatic figure in the confused events in Saigon. Refusing demands by the Emperor to fly to Cannes, he referred in reply to "public indignation" fomented by an attempted coup d'état by General Van Vy, a supporter of Bao Dai. Mr. Diem is said to enjoy American approval.

THE ALLIED SUPREME COMMANDER, ATLANTIC, IN LONDON: ADMIRAL WRIGHT.

Admiral Wright, U.S. Navy, N.A.T.O. Supreme Commander for the Atlantic, arrived in London on April 29, to call on the heads of the fighting Services. These included the new First Sea Lord, Admiral Earl Mountbatten, Admiral Sir Michael Denny and Air Chief-Marshal Sir John Boothman, who command for N.A.T.O. the sea and air forces in the Eastern Atlantic.



RECEIVING CONGRATULATIONS AFTER HIS ELECTION: SIGNOR GRONCHI (CENTRE, WEARING GLASSES), WHO WAS ELECTED PRESIDENT OF ITALY ON APRIL 29 AT THE FOURTH BALLOT. On April 29 Signor Giovanni Gronchi, a Christian Democrat and President of the Chamber of Deputies, was elected President of Italy by an overwhelming majority. He will take office when President Einaudi's term expires on May 11. Signor Gronchi, who is sixty-seven, has been a leading spirit on the Left Wing of his party and he was elected in the face of opposition from his own party leaders. The early ballots revealed considerable cracks in the unity of the Christian Democrat Party.



THE FRENCH FOREIGN MINISTER GREETING THE FEDERAL CHANCELLOR AT BONN: M. PINAY (LEFT) WITH DR. ADENAUER, DURING A VISIT TO WEST GERMANY. On April 29 M. Pinay, the French Foreign Secretary, arrived at the Palais Schaumburg, at Bonn, where he was met by the Federal German Chancellor, Dr. Adenauer. Their talks over the whole field of Franco-German relations were said to be "very satisfactory." Among the subjects discussed were the Saar question, future negotiations with the Soviet Union, the Paris treaties, and closer economic relations between France and Germany. M. Pinay arrived back in Paris on May 1.



ONCE NATIVES OF
THIS ISLAND, BUT
NOW ONLY RARE
VISITORS TO BRITAIN:
VIVID PHOTOGRAPHS
OF BREEDING
OSPREYS TAKEN ON
A LONELY SWEDISH
LAKE.



(ABOVE.) THE FEMALE OSPREY STANDING ON THE HUGE NEST. THE UPPER PLUMAGE IS UMBER, THE UNDER, WHITE. THE HEN HAS MORE BROWN MARKINGS ON THE BREAST THAN THE COCK.

Photograph by S. Lundgren.

Concerning these brilliant camera studies of ospreys, taken in Sweden, our correspondent, MR. H. R. TUTT, writes:

THE Osprey or Fish Hawk, one of our noblest birds, ceased to breed in Scotland about fifty years ago, and now only individuals pass through Britain on the spring and autumn migrations. It was in Central Sweden that I became acquainted with them in their nesting localities, where they inhabit the lovely forest-girt lakes dotted with wooded islets. I watched a bird gliding along from 50 to 80 ft. above the water, with head bent down scanning the surface below: occasionally a slight hover occurred; then suddenly, with partly closed wings, the great bird stooped headlong with a resounding splash. It rose heavily, till high enough to shake the water from its plumage, when it flew off with a fish grasped by both feet, one behind the other, the head of the prey pointing forward to offer the least resistance to the air. As the hawk strikes the water the legs are thrust backward with lightning speed, the fish being seized in the long, curved claws, which, sharp as needles, penetrate the flesh: groups of spiny scales on the toes behind the claws

[Continued opposite.

(RIGHT.) OSPREYS ON THE WATCH: A PAIR ON THE TOPMOST BRANCHES OF THEIR CUSTOMARY LOOK-OUT, A DEAD TREE ON THE EDGE OF A SWEDISH LAKE.

Photograph by S. Lundgren.



(ABOVE.) THE HEN OSPREY SITTING ON THE NEST, AFTER ONE EGG HAD BEEN LAID, BUT BEFORE INCUBATION. THE EGGS ARE WHITE OR BUFF, BLOTCHED WITH CLARET AND SHADOWED WITH GREY.

Photograph by S. Lundgren.

[Continued.] assist in securely grasping the slippery prey. Perch, bream and roach up to 4½ lb. were brought to the nest. Sometimes the fish was grasped by the back, sometimes by the belly: an old legend was that the fish turned their bellies up for the better selection by the Osprey. The birds return to their breeding sites in April, just as the ice is breaking up. The nest is used year after year, dead pine branches being added to it each year, so that it is constantly growing in bulk and weight. One I examined was fully 7 ft. in diameter and 3 ft. deep, being built on the topmost branches of one of the tallest pines, the tip of the tree buried deep in the mass. The eggs are laid at intervals of two or three days and never left unguarded. Both birds share in incubation, which lasts for five weeks. The chicks are born fully-clothed in dark brown down, with their eyes open, and are never left alone for the next six weeks, the male bringing most of the fish during this period. Then the plumage is fast developing, and if approached the chicks react by lowering their heads, opening their beaks, and half-spreading their wings, and present a formidable front to any predator. It is nearly ten weeks before the young are fully-fledged, and by the time they have become strong on the wing and can catch fish for themselves, migration to Africa commences. Perhaps the greater security for wild birds and their eggs under the "Protection of Birds Act, 1954," will enable this fine species to re-establish itself in Scotland.



NOBLE, SAVAGE, SINISTER: A STRIKING STUDY OF AN OSPREY'S HEAD. THE IRIS IS YELLOW; AND THE HOOKED BEAK AND THE DARK EYE STREAK ARE STRIKING.

Photograph by P. O. Swanberg.



PANTING IN THE HEAT OF THE SUN: THE THREE OSPREY CHICKS IN THE EXPOSED TREE-TOP NEST. THE HEN USUALLY SHIELDS THEM WHEN THEY ARE YOUNGER.

Photograph by S. Lundgren.



A BRILLIANT STUDY OF BREEDING OSPREYS IN SWEDEN: THE COCK RETURNS TO THE NEST—ONE FOOT HOLDING A PERCH, BELLY-UP, THE OTHER PREPARING TO LAND—WHILE THE HEN WAITS BESIDE TWO SLEEPING CHICKS AND AN UNHATCHED EGG.

Photograph by S. Lundgren, Upplandsbodarne, Sweden.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

ON THE TRAIL OF ASIATIC RHINOCEROS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

IN mid-April, an American ecologist, Mr. Lee Merriam Talbot, left Brussels on an itinerary which will take him through Arabia, the Near East, Middle East, Southern Asia and Indonesia. His five-month mission is sponsored by the Survival Service of the International Union for the Protection of Nature. Its purpose is to survey the present status of some of the world's rarest animals. These include the Asiatic rhinoceroses, Arabian oryx, Syrian wild ass and the Asiatic lion. The wild ass may be already extinct, and of the rest, the rhinoceroses may be most nearly on the verge of extinction.

After the elephants, the rhinoceroses are the largest of the land animals. The five existing species, three Asiatic and two African, form a family of those

and is 14 ft. long. Its body appears to be covered with a blackish-grey granular armour-plate, an appearance due largely to the deep folds in the skin. Its single horn is relatively short, measuring up to 2 ft. This species used to be widespread, living in dense jungle or long grass, where its retiring and inoffensive habits should have guaranteed a freedom from man's assault. The horn was, however, its undoing. Among Eastern rulers there was a tradition that a cup fashioned of rhinoceros horn would render a poisoned drink harmless. In China, the horn was reputed to have medicinal properties, and powdered it was highly valued. In addition, the flesh of the beast

makes excellent meat, and even its blood and its entrails have their value for some people. But the horn especially was the prize, worth at one time half its weight in gold. So the numbers of the species dwindled, and so did its range, until now its refuge includes only the deep jungles of Nepal and Assam, and possibly still parts of Northern Bengal. There, even while given official protection, it still goes down before the illegal killer, the poacher lying in wait at strategic points on the rhinoceros paths on moonlit nights. There are probably fewer than 300 alive to-day.

The second in size of the Asiatic rhinoceroses is the Javan (*R. sondaicus*). Up to 5½ ft. at the shoulder, with only the males carrying a horn, the longest known being a mere 5½ ins. As with the Great Indian rhinoceros, every part of the animal is prized by somebody, and the horn itself may fetch as much as £500. Although spoken of as the Javan

rhinoceros, its range formerly included Bengal, Assam, Burma, Siam, Indo-China, the Malay Peninsula, Java and Sumatra. An estimate made in 1937 was that only sixty-six Javan rhinoceroses survived in the whole of its range. In Burma, where it was officially protected, there were only six. To-day it is said that no more than twenty to forty are left, on a reserve at the western tip of Java. Elsewhere it has been poached out of existence.

The smallest of the three Asiatic species is the Sumatran, or two-horned, rhinoceros (*R. sumatrensis*): 4½ ft. high, it has a short, hairy coat. It is slightly more numerous than the Javan rhinoceros, but

everywhere it has been decreasing in numbers, and for the same reason as its related species. It is scattered in small groups in Sumatra, Borneo, the Malay Peninsula, Burma and Assam. Although its horn fetches no more than a tenth of that of the Javan rhinoceros, the latest estimate of numbers is fifty survivors.

One purpose of Mr. Talbot's mission is to study ways in which the International Union can co-operate with the Governments of these areas to secure the animals' preservation. There is probably no lack of the will to preserve, but unsettled human conditions are not the best medium in which to attempt the



THE LARGEST OF THE THREE ASIATIC SPECIES: THE GREAT INDIAN RHINOCEROS, WHICH IS ONLY SLIGHTLY SMALLER THAN THE LARGEST RHINOCEROS, THE WHITE RHINO OF AFRICA. IT HAS A SINGLE HORN AND ITS HIDE HAS THE APPEARANCE OF A GRANULAR ARMOUR-PLATE. FORMERLY WIDESPREAD IN SOUTHERN ASIA, THE INDIAN RHINOCEROS IS NOW FOUND IN NEPAL AND ASSAM, ITS SURVIVORS NUMBERING PROBABLY FEWER THAN 300.

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hoofed animals known as the Perissodactyls, the other two families including horses, asses and zebras, on the one hand, and the tapirs on the other hand. The hoofed animals formerly grouped in a single order, the Ungulata, are now split into several orders, the two largest being the Artiodactyls, or cloven-hoofed animals, and the Perissodactyls, or odd-toed ungulates.

All rhinoceroses have three hoofed toes on each foot. They differ from other members of the order in being armed with the so-called horns on the muzzle. Indeed, their name is derived from the Greek, meaning nose-horn, but this characteristic feature is unlike the horns of the cloven-hoofed cattle, antelope and deer. It has no connection with the skull, although the nasal bones beneath the base of the horn are thickened and roughened to provide support for it. And it is not horn in the strict sense. Microscopic examination has shown it to be composed of a highly compact, solid mass of hairy tissue, smooth on the outside, but showing what appears to be stout bristle like hair when frayed at the base. Without this horn a rhinoceros would be ill-protected, apart from the weight it can put into a charge. Its teeth are useful only for feeding, and consist of large cheek-teeth with grinding surfaces and a pair of incisors in both upper and lower jaws. There are no canines, and the two African species lack even the incisors.

The largest of the three Asiatic species, the great Indian rhinoceros (*Rhinoceros unicornis*) is only slightly smaller than the African white rhinoceros (*Ceratotherium simum*), the largest of all. It reaches 6 ft. 4 ins. at the shoulder



DIFFERING FROM THE OTHER ASIATIC SPECIES IN BEING TWO-HORNED AND HAVING A COAT OF HAIR COVERING THE BODY: THE SUMATRAN RHINOCEROS, OF WHICH PERHAPS FIFTY INDIVIDUALS SURVIVE.

Photograph reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees of the British Museum (Natural History).

preservation of wild life, especially such highly-valued members of it. The best hope for the future lies in dispelling the firmly-held local beliefs in the efficacy of medicines and drugs made from the various parts of the rhinoceros, and especially the horn. Unfortunately, this ponderous, thick-skinned, unintelligent animal is too large to escape attention and valuable enough for poachers to risk detection in taking it. Even if poaching can be effectively suppressed there is always the danger that, with the numbers reduced to such a low point, there is little chance of a recovery even under the most rigorous protection. Rhinoceroses breed slowly, having but one young at a birth, with a gestation period believed to be between sixteen and eighteen months.

Five months is a short enough period for one man to investigate a half-dozen species of wild animals, even if they are large and spectacular. The mission is, nevertheless, a welcome venture, and it is possible that, in addition to gaining an assessment of present numbers and formulating suggestions for better methods of protection, Mr. Talbot may return with information on the lives and habits of the beasts themselves. It has happened too often in the past that a species has been exterminated by human agency, leaving us little more information than can be derived from an occasional dried skin or a few bare bones jealously guarded in museums. Our knowledge of the Asiatic rhinoceroses, and of the other animals Mr. Talbot has gone out to seek, is not so great that we can scorn to increase it, and we can look forward to reading his report with interest.



ANOTHER ASIATIC SPECIES OF WHICH ONLY A SCORE OR SO REMAIN: THE JAVAN RHINOCEROS, WHICH HAS BEEN POACHED ALMOST OUT OF EXISTENCE, MAINLY FOR THE SAKE OF ITS HORN.

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MOTOR RODEO HAZARDS IN LONDON.



MOTOR-CYCLE "HURDLING": CHARLES BEELER LEAPS OVER THE TOP OF FOUR FORD ZODIACS TO LAND ON A NARROW RAMP—HIS MOUNT A MOTOR-CYCLE.



"SLIDE FOR LIFE": JIM CANTON DRIVING A CAR THROUGH BLAZING WOODEN BARRIERS, WHILE A COLLEAGUE LIES PRONE ON THE BONNET.



LEAPING FROM RAMP TO RAMP: A CAR WITH HAL KENT DRIVING. "MOTOR RODEO" IS DUE AT NEW CROSS STADIUM ON MAY 16-17.

The Hollywood Motor Rodeo Team, now on a European tour, gave a display at Harringay Stadium on April 30, and introduced London to some of the amazing tricks performed by their ace drivers, most of whom are Hollywood film stunt men. Hal Kent, for instance, did the driving for Clark Gable in "To Please a Lady." A good Rodeo driver can earn up to £9000 a year; some may think it hardly earned when considering such items as the "Torpedo Catapult," in which a car leaps through the air from ramp to ramp while another drives below it.

THE A.A. GOLDEN JUBILEE DINNER.

The Golden Jubilee of the A.A. was marked by a dinner at Guildhall, and on June 18 a "cavalcade" representing motoring history will parade past the President, the Duke of Edinburgh, in Regent's Park. The A.A. was founded to warn motorists of police traps set up to enforce the 20 m.p.h. speed limit laid down by the Motor Car Act of 1903; and began its life in a hired office, with a borrowed typewriter and 90 members. It is now a complex organisation which serves over 1,500,000 members in many ways. Its history is recounted in "Golden Milestone, Fifty Years of the A.A." Edited by David Keir and Bryan Morgan, published by the A.A. at 15s.



(L. TO R.) LADY TEYNHAM, THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON, LORD TEYNHAM, CHAIRMAN, A.A., THE LADY MAYORESS, LORD DE L'ISLE AND DUDLEY, V.C., AT DINNER.



TO MARK THE GOLDEN JUBILEE OF THE A.A., FOUNDED IN 1905, IN A HIRED OFFICE, WITH A BORROWED TYPEWRITER: THE DINNER IN GUILDHALL ON APRIL 28.



PROPOSING THE TOAST OF THE A.A.: MR. BOYD-CARPENTER, MINISTER OF TRANSPORT, WHO REFERRED TO THE REMARKABLE HISTORY OF THE ASSOCIATION.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

NOT A CAMEL IN SIGHT.

By J. C. TREWIN.

"CAN we have *real* camels for the final scene?" wrote James Elroy Flecker when, not long before the First World War, he sent to Basil Dean the earliest corrected manuscript of "Hassan." It was nine years before Dean—who had toiled so hard on Flecker's behalf—was able to produce the play, and I do not know, at this remove, whether there were camels or not at the Gate of the Moon, Baghdad.

However, I submit there should have been. There was a perfectly good camel in the first London play I saw "Chu Chin Chow," then in the third year of its run; I can remember sitting on the edge of a seat in the middle of the dress circle, immensely impressed by the whole Arabian Night, but more especially by the camel. Oscar Asche said in his autobiography: "From time to time we had all kinds of animals on. A sacred bullock, camels, monkeys, a fat-tailed sheep, poultry, snakes, a horse, donkeys." Alas, there was not a camel in sight on the first night of "Kismet" at the Stoll: I can merely say in sorrow that for me the gorgeous East, so curiously unpeopled, is insufficiently gorgeous.

True, "Kismet" has most other necessities: muezzins, dervishes, dancers, slave-girls, a bazaar, a harem, even Omar Khayyam. It is a resolutely Eastern musical play: a bit of the Arabian Nights in Kingsway, West Central. I am not a prophet; but it will be very odd if, a year from now, they are not still pouring the sherbet, still offering all the perfumes of Arabia. They may even have found a camel.

No doubt Mr. Dean—who was in the first-night audience—will deprecate the mention of "Chu Chin Chow" and "Kismet" in the same breath with "Hassan." I have always felt that Flecker was unlucky. Although I prefer his usually ignored "Don Juan," some passages from "Hassan" were without doubt the most genuine dramatic poetry the stage had known for years. But this exercise in the romantic-macabre, an Arabian Night from Haroun's Caliphate, had the misfortune to come fairly soon after such Oriental spectacles as "Chu Chin Chow" and "Cairo." Some careless playgoers probably went expecting another "Chu." Any writer who disliked "Hassan" had an easy and unkind comparison.

"Kismet," years before—it dates from 1911—was almost the first of the Eastern plays. There had been the wordless "Sumurun" at the Coliseum ("I noticed," said Oscar Asche, "that many of the Eastern supers were wearing their street-boots and had brown faces and white necks, which does not say much for the stage manager"). "Kismet," however, was a full-length play of some magnitude. Edward Knoblock,

the author himself produced "Kismet" for a New Oxford revival in 1925, and kept to his original intention, the piece failed flatly.

"Venerable and pathetic" is the last term one would find for Alfred Drake, the Stoll Theatre Hajj, a part he created in New York. When he swooped on in the first scene, my neighbour and myself said "Douglas Fairbanks!" with barely a split half-second



"WHEN HE SWOOPED ON IN THE FIRST SCENE, MY NEIGHBOUR AND MYSELF SAID 'DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS!' WITH BARELY A SPLIT HALF-SECOND BETWEEN US": ALFRED DRAKE AS THE STOLL THEATRE HAJJ, A PART HE CREATED IN NEW YORK. MR. TREWIN SAYS: "HE PLAYS THE PART WITH COMPLETE EASE AND IMPECCABLE TIMING."

between us. Drake looks as the Thief of Baghdad used to look on the posters. He plays the part with complete ease and impeccable timing. Hajj gleams to life at once and never ceases to gleam. And although his story is not in the Arabian Nights, I am certain that if Scheherazade had started to tell the tale to Schahriar, the Sultan would have been panting for each fresh instalment. (Nothing, by the way, is so annoying in the Arabian Nights as those everlasting "to be continued" signs: "Scheherazade, perceiving day, stopped here," and "Here the approach of day interrupted Scheherazade.")

I need not go farther into the plot of "Kismet," except to say that Hajj begins as a beggar and ends as an Emir; that the Wazir of Police, a peculiarly relishing villain (he reminded me, for some reason, of a cuttlefish who has joined the Crazy Gang), is finally thrust under the waters of a swimming-pool; and that Haroun-al-Raschid himself becomes the son-in-law of Hajj. There are various lavish decorations; this is a "musical Arabian Night"; the book—based on Knoblock's play by Charles Lederer and Luther Davis—slides off, time and again, to matters nearer to Broadway than Baghdad. And, to complete the alliteration, the music is adapted from themes of Borodin.

I had been afraid that the night would drown us as thoroughly

in mock-Oriental tropes as Hajj drowns the Wazir in the Caliph's pool. Here one finds oneself (and I cannot face Mr. Dean) quoting naturally from "Hassan": "Wherefore dost thou not bite the tongue of insolence with the tooth of discretion?" and "Surely it would be better to cut the knot of reluctance and uncord the casket of explanation." But "Kismet" has few of the expected Oriental curlicues. Although its face is to the East, it seems often to have the West in its voice. Frankly, a good deal of its jesting would be thinly repetitive if Mr. Drake were not at hand to save it. And the lyrics? Here Robert Wright and George Forrest (who have written the music as well) look cheerfully and cynically at Baghdad. If we are getting too tired of the spices of Araby, the lyricists will come through, as a rule, with such a title as "Was I Wazir?" or such a rhyme as

Should Scheherazade
Undulate her body...

that take us right back to Broadway by one of the swifter and more matter-of-fact magic carpets.

Purists need not worry themselves about the music. Borodin has been pressed into service tactfully. Night by night, I dare say, somewhere in the house, there will be anxious recognition of "Fate" (from the Symphony No. 2 in D Minor), of "Stranger in Paradise" (from the Polovtsian Dances), and "This Is My Beloved," from the slow movement of the D Major Quartet. But the derivations need not worry us too much. In its place the music is uncommonly effective, and very well sung by Mr. Drake himself, who has a commanding baritone; Doretta Morrow and Joan Diener (also from New York), and Peter Grant—though he acts stiffly—as the Caliph.

A word for Donald Eccles. This first-rate player slips in and out of the night as someone, long and lean and grey, whom we recognise at last to be Omar Khayyam himself (no one calls him O.K.; clenched, I waited for it). He is without his jug of wine, his loaf of bread, and Thou; but he has his book of verses and recites away with enthusiasm to a Caliph who seems to approve of him more than Hajj does. It is a sad moment when Hajj challenges him with "The moving finger writes; and, having writ, moves on." "Repetitious?" asks Omar anxiously. And Hajj replies: "Trite." Fortunately, we did not hear the glum version of Omar's quatrain that goes like this:

So long as I possess two maunds of wine,
Bread of the flower of wheat, and mutton chine,
And you, O Tulip cheeks, to share my hut,
Not every Sultan's lot can vie with mine.

If ever a production were destined to run, this is it. For all its dallying with Borodin, and derivation from



"IT IS A RESOLUTELY EASTERN MUSICAL PLAY: A BIT OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS IN KINGSWAY, WEST CENTRAL": "KISMET" (STOLL), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE JACK HYLTON PRODUCTION IN WHICH HAJJ, THE POET-BEGGAR (ALFRED DRAKE), BEGS THE WAZIR (PAUL WHITSUN-JONES) NOT TO CUT OFF HIS HAND.

who had written it a few years earlier, called it "Hajj's Hour"; nobody would venture, and he was lucky to find Asche, who got to work on it, cut it from its original five hours, re-christened it "Kismet," and inserted the bazaar scene. Meanwhile, Knoblock was at work on another version, in which the key part of Hajj became "a venerable and pathetic figure." Asche insisted on playing the fellow as a grim comedian in defiance of Knoblock's wishes, and the part was duly established like that in stage record. Asche records that when



"I AM NOT A PROPHET; BUT IT WILL BE VERY ODD IF, A YEAR FROM NOW, THEY ARE NOT STILL POURING THE SHERBET, STILL OFFERING ALL THE PERFUMES OF ARABIA": "KISMET," SHOWING THE SCENE IN WHICH LALUME, THE WIFE OF WIVES (JOAN DIENER), IS WELCOMED BACK TO BAGHDAD BY HER HUSBAND, THE WAZIR (PAUL WHITSUN-JONES).

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"KISMET" (Stoll).—The story of Hajj might have been material for one of Scheherazade's Arabian Nights. One contemplates a second title: "The tale of Hajj, public poet of Baghdad, and how he became an Emir and the father-in-law of the Caliph, Haroun-al-Raschid, Commander of the Faithful." In other words, a musical comedy based by two American librettists on Knoblock's play, with music that two other Americans (who have written the lyrics also) have based on themes from Borodin. It all comes through as an agreeable and extremely efficient uproar. The singing satisfies, and Alfred Drake's Hajj leads the dance as if he were an incarnation of the late Douglas Fairbanks senior. I doubt whether the Stoll will have another first night for a very long time. (April 20.)

VARIETY (Palladium).—The return of the "crying crooner," Johnnie Ray, his third visit to London in three years. (April 25.)

"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL" (Stratford-upon-Avon).—The second production of the Festival season; I will return to this next week. (April 26.)

a celebrated legitimate drama, it is nothing at heart but a cheerful Oriental splurge, Baghdad-on-the-Rampage. (I should not have called in "Hassan.") Always there is Alfred Drake, his eyes glinting below Hajj's turban and the corners of his mouth turned up beneath his moustache. We are way down East; but Drake has come swooping from the West, and that, in this new Baghdad, is the thing to remember. It would have been better with camels, but we can wait for a bit. Perhaps Mr. Hylton will hire a few.

"ALEXANDER THE GREAT"—
HIS CONQUESTS
AND SPLENDOUR
PRESENTED IN A
FILM BEING
MADE IN SPAIN
WITH AN
INTERNATIONAL
CAST.

(RIGHT.) THE ASSASSINATION OF PHILIP I. OF MACEDON, FATHER OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT, IN 336 B.C. BY PAUSANIUS: GENERALS, OFFICIALS AND WOMEN SURROUNDING THE MURDERED KING.



WITH THE STAFF OF NECTENABUS LYING AT HER FEET, WHERE HIS MURDERER, ATTALUS (STANLEY BAKER), HAS FLUNG IT: OLYMPIAS (DANIELLE DARRIEUX).



AT THE SHRINE OF ZEUS, PALACE OF PELLA: OLYMPIAS, MOTHER OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT (DANIELLE DARRIEUX), WORSHIPPING WHILE HER MAIDENS DANCE.



PHILIP OF MACEDON (FREDRIC MARCH) AND HIS SON, ALEXANDER (RICHARD BURTON), CONFRONTING EACH OTHER. THE GENERALS ATTALUS (STANLEY BAKER) AND ANTIPATER (FRIEDRICH LEDEBUR) ARE ALSO IN THE GROUP.



HOLDING THE INFANT ALEXANDER: PHILIP (FREDRIC MARCH) GAZING AT NECTENABUS (HELMUT DANTINE; R.): OLYMPIAS (DANIELLE DARRIEUX) STANDS BETWEEN ATTALUS (STANLEY BAKER; L.) AND ANTIPATER (FRIEDRICH LEDEBUR).

Robert Rossen's (United Artists) film, "Alexander the Great," is being photographed in CinemaScope and Eastman Colour in parts of Spain chosen as suitable in terrain, people and climate to represent the contrasts found in the great General's route of conquest. It presents Alexander's rise to power and his drive to the east through Greece, Turkey, the Near East, Egypt, Persia and India. Sequences are being made round Madrid's Sevilla Studio, and Manzanares, Escorial, Segovia

and Malaga. The battle of the Granicus (334 B.C.) will be enacted at Rascafría, and El Molar is representing Pella; while the rugged coastal district of southern Spain is the *décor* for the invasion of Persia and defeat of Darius. Much research has preceded the making of the film, and Greek, Macedonian and Persian objects and furnishings of the period have been constructed by expert Spanish craftsmen. Richard Burton plays Alexander, Fredric March Philip of Macedon.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

TO the well-constituted mind, it is enjoyable to see a taking and distinguished writer having a good time: even when, in the nature of things, he has a good deal of the fun all to himself. This is decidedly the case with "Homer's Daughter," by Robert Graves (Cassell; 10s. 6d.). We have all heard, at least, of Samuel Butler's theory that the "Odyssey" was the work of Nausicaa. And very few of us can set up an opinion about it. The doctrine has two stages: first, the intuitive—this *must* be "written by a woman for women"—which is, of course, unarguable. Either you see it or you don't; men are apparently more apt to see it. And after that comes the historical, specific "evidence"—which, to the common reader, will be Greek. It convinced Butler that "Phæacia" was Western Sicily, and it has now convinced Mr. Graves. But one can't hope to judge; and from the vulgar standpoint, anyhow, what if it was?

In "Homer's Daughter" there is no allowance for the philistine. Though, to be sure, it opens charmingly—with the Sicilian princess as an adolescent, brooding on death, and envying Homer's immortality. This brooding was the germ of her career. . . . But, she goes on to say—"I must now give a brief account of our origins." It turns out to be semi-mythical, highly involved and, from the vulgar standpoint, rather tedious than brief. And then we get down to the story; but any antique oddment that the author cares about, or knows, or perhaps thinks he knows, is always liable to be thrown in. As for the tale itself—this is the *true* tale of the "Odyssey." For although Nausicaa based her epic on the old lay of "Odysseus' Return," sung by the minstrel "Sons of Homer," it is, in fact, autobiography. She is the much-courted Penelope: not tall or beautiful, like Nausicaa in the poem, but, as the only daughter of a king, pestered with swains. Her father egged them on to compete; and Nausicaa has been staving them off. Then comes the fatal night of the sirocco. Tempers are frayed; there is a row between her eldest brother Laodamas and his peevish wife, and Laodamas flings out of the house. Nothing is ever heard of him again. The King (Telemachus reversed) sails off to look for him—leaving a younger son to play Telemachus on the home ground. The suitors move in, guzzle and conspire; and Nausicaa has her washing-day. Only, of course, the stranger from the sea is not Odysseus; he is a Cretan fugitive—as it transpires, an unknown cousin. Æthon has the advantage of being marriageable; and though the princess has more wit than looks—though she is something of a prude, and still more of a tartar—she can love at sight. But not to the neglect of her affairs. Æthon is packed off to Eumæus' hut—and reappears in due course for the begging scene, and the concluding massacre.

The narrative is chock-full of quotations—sometimes in context, sometimes not—and Odyssean themes, freely dispersed. Then there are patches I don't recognise: the murder mystery, the touching exit of Uncle Mentor, the half-baked nightmare of the funeral games. There is a peppering of myth, legend, interpretation, a stable element of dullness—and a curious charm.

OTHER FICTION.

"Flight to Africa," by Johanna Moosdorf (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.), is said to recall "Heart of Darkness." But it is infinitely further gone. "Marlow" had light, purpose, conviction; even at journey's end he had a clue. Whereas for Marcel and Suzanne, there is no purpose and no clue—only a flight from dark to dark. Marcel came to West Africa because to him the life of European cities—"among those stage sets, those cardboard houses with windows cut out of them"—is the unspeakable abyss. And Suzanne joined him, to get "far away." She liked the Africans; she used to sit by their fires, drink in their ghost-stories and "superstitions" . . . Now she has taken her own life. And Marcel is bitterly resolved to know why. It must have been something in her past—in Berlin, where he met her, as a prisoner-of-war. Therefore he will return and dig for it. . . . Which, to the older Frenchmen, sounds incredibly naïve. They all know what went wrong; she was "becoming a black woman." The blacks know she is prowling round the house. And Marcel knows precisely what she endured in Berlin, and what it made of her, and that she killed herself "out of indifference." Really his journey has no point; yet he must needs go back—back to the other darkness, to his old "camp" in the Russian sector. And there he seems to have touched bottom. But from that moment he is "ripe": free to discover his black soul, to "let go" and be far away. Just as Suzanne learnt in the huts—though for Suzanne, even Africa was not far enough. This novel is Teutonically unrelieved. It is a jungle of contrasted nightmares: black witchcraft, European doom. At times it has a kind of late-romantic woodenness into the bargain. But it has power, imagination and intensity.

"Evens the Field," by Tim Carew (Constable; 10s. 6d.), takes us as "far away" as possible. It is a cheerful, ultra-English little book: loosely yet cleverly devised, chatty in tone, conscious but not scared of the seamy side, and rich in good feeling and happy endings. Of course, it is a racing novel. Sammy Maxwell is fifty-four—and going strong even now, but if he rides much longer it will finish him. And yet he can't afford to give up. First, he must have £2000—because his friend, the ex-jockey Sid Blacket, requires at least that with a partner in his racing stables. All will depend on the next season; if he can just hold out—if he can foil the villain-trainer. . . . That is the central theme—ringed by a cluster of supporting narratives, both grim and gay.

"Dark is the Clue," by E. R. Punshon (Gollancz; 10s. 6d.), takes Bobby Owen to the village of Twice Over. The job is ancient history, the master-mind was never traced, and the original thieves are all dead. But they concealed the swag; and now their heirs or assigns are expected to dig it up. So Bobby has called on Mr. Wynne, for leave to use his right-of-way through the neighbouring copse. This he at once receives; and on a reconnoitring stroll, they find the body of an unknown woman. New murder and old robbery snarl up; suspects appear on every hand. Only the title is ill-judged: the crucial fact having been obvious from the word go.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

FOLLOWING a Hastings which inevitably failed to produce the sensational Russian defeats of 1953-54, and a miniature International Team Tournament at Vevey in which England managed to best Belgium only, finishing behind Holland, Switzerland, Austria and Italy, home chess received its most heartening filip for years at Bognor.

Belgium's O'Kelly de Galway admittedly finished first, but P. H. Clarke and I managed to split second and third prizes, virtually shutting out of the prize list the veteran Tartakover, the Berlin master Lehmann and the "team" of three young Yugoslavs which included their new champion, Karaklaic.

Though Clarke and I both totalled seven points, I rate his performance the higher, for he went through unbeaten and defeated both O'Kelly and me in our individual games. He hails from Ilford, which has become a great centre of chess this last decade. Though still in his early twenties, he has the temperament of a veteran. His style is curious. He is at his best when hard pressed but is inclined to relax when on top. A sort of thermostatic effect is introduced which results in his drawing a higher proportion of his games than any other British player I know. His six draws from ten games at Bognor were characteristic. Physically, he is on the small side but tough and wiry, with brilliant red hair which juts out forward in a neat but aggressive quiff.

I envy him his ability to play as well and calmly after seven hours as after one. To this ability, his sound, solid style undoubtedly contributes. He strives to deny his opponent the smallest opening, rarely embarking on an attack until the least weakness in his own game has been cautiously eliminated. This style of play is naturally less wearing than that of a Marshall or a Spielmann, where the player is constantly walking a chess tight-rope and the least relaxation may prove fatal.

He is constantly running short of time on his clock, but never worries about it; he is as cool and efficient with twenty moves to make in five minutes as when he starts the game.

Playing over his wins, one is inclined to wonder how it all happened; at what stage exactly he began to get the upper hand. Did his opponent relax, or did Clarke pile up positional problems until they became insoluble? I am glad there remains space only for the bare score of his victory over O'Kelly; I should certainly have to devote a week's study to it, were you to ask me to explain it all.

SICILIAN DEFENCE.

P. H. CLARKE	A. O'KELLY	P. H. CLARKE	A. O'KELLY
White	Black	White	Black
1. P-K4	P-QB4	32. B-KB3	B-B3
2. Kt-KB3	P-K3	33. B-Q1	Q-Kt2
3. P-Q4	P×P	34. R-K1	Q-K2
4. Kt×P	Kt-KB3	35. R-Kt1	R-KB1
5. Kt-QB3	P-Q3	36. R-R2	P-R3
6. P-KKt3	Kt-B3	37. R-B2	K-R2
7. B-Kt2	B-Q2	38. B-KB3	P-Kt3
8. Kt(Q4)-Kt5	Q-Kt1	39. B-Q1	B-Q2
9. B-B4	Kt-K4	40. R(Kt1)-B1	R-KKt1
10. Castles	P-QR3	41. B-Kt4	R(R1)-KB1
11. Kt-Q4	P-QKt4	42. R-Kt2	Kt×KP
12. P-KR3	Q-B2	43. Q×Kt(K5)	P×P
13. Q-K1	R-B1	44. B×Pch	Kt×B
14. R-Q1	B-K2	45. R×Kt	R-K3
15. B-B1	Kt-B3	46. Kt-B1	B×Reh
16. Kt(Q4)-K2	P-Kt5	47. Q×B	Q-K3
17. Kt-Kt1	P-K4	48. Kt-K3	B-Q1
18. P-QB4	B-K3	49. P-R5	Q×Qch
19. P-Kt3	Kt-Q2	50. Kt×Q	R-K3
20. B-Kt2	Kt-B4	51. Kt-Q3	B-Kt4
21. Kt-B1	P-QR4	52. Kt×KtP	R-QKt1
22. P-B4	P-R5	53. B-B3	P-K5
23. K-R2	R-R1	54. Kt-Q4	B-B3
24. Kt-Q2	RP×P	55. Kt(Kt4)-B6	R×P
25. RP×P	B-QB1	56. Kt×R	B×B
26. Q-K3	B-Kt2	57. K-Kt4	R-K1
27. R-B2	Castles (K)	58. R-QB2	B-K8
28. R(Q1)-B1	B-B3	59. K-B4	P-K6
29. P-B5	Kt-Q5	60. Kt(B6)-Q4	R-KKt1
30. P-R4	Q-K2	61. Kt-B5	B-B7
31. K-R3	R(B1)-K1	62. Kt(Kt3)-Q4	Resigns

"OXFORD," as Thomas Fuller wrote in 1655, "is a university in a town, Cambridge a town in a university." This remains to a certain extent the principal difference between the two universities to this day. In mediæval and later times it accounted for the fact that the riots between town and gown in Oxford were infinitely fiercer and bloodier than in the sister-university city. At Oxford, alas, the town and the surrounding modern industries, which so largely nourish it, are gradually swamping the university, threatening its ancient walls physically with the rumble of its too-great traffic, and the character of its cloistered calm by the dominating presence of an outside world which is too much with us. Cambridge, on the other hand, for all its emphasis on science and the subsidiary growth of factories devoted to the production of electronic apparatus, has kept its character as a university, a haven of contemplation in a busy world, to a much greater extent. Those who love Cambridge (and I count it no disloyalty in an Oxonian to do so) will be delighted with "Portrait of Cambridge" (Batsford; 25s.). This is a selection of beautiful photographs by A. F. Kersting, with a light but scholarly text by Bryan Little. It makes a graduate of the other and older university not a little envious of a university which, in the "Backs," for example, has something which Oxford cannot hope to emulate. In spite of the encroachments of modern industry, however, Oxford still has something which Cambridge has not got, and that is a skyline—a fact which Mr. Little handsomely admits when he writes: "Cambridge's skyline, unlike that of Oxford, is greatly lacking in ancient steeples." This is a book which is a joy to have, and the only thing which surprises me is that the publishers have been able to produce such a lovely and handsome volume at so reasonable a price.

It is a far cry from the gentle, damp atmosphere of Cambridge, to the brilliant lights and sharp contrasts of Spain. Mr. James Reynolds, the American author of "Fabulous Spain" (Hale; 21s.), is the latest to write about a country which in the past few years has become one of the most popular, if not the most popular, objectives for the Anglo-Saxon tourist. Mr. Reynolds has travelled from north to south and east to west in a country which is almost (from the infinite variety of its climate) a continent in itself. He travels with a sharp and observant eye, a gentle humour and an understanding of Spaniards and the Spanish character which is not always to be found in writers of travel books on Spain. I would only quarrel with him on one point and that is when he recommends the traveller to enter Spain by "the southern route across the Pyrenees at Port Bou." Unless the traveller is going by train, I should advise him to do no such thing, but to cross some miles further inland through the pass at La Junquera, the reason being that the Customs authorities of Port Bou have a tradition of being "difficult," which has survived attempts by every kind of régime, from the Monarchy and the Republic to the present day, to overcome. I enjoyed this well-informed book very much indeed.

While the number of professional guides in the Alps is steadily decreasing (there are, I believe, fewer than half the number there were before the war), the popularity of mountaineering is steadily growing. This is an admirable thing, but it has its dangers. The British, who were the great employers of guides before the war, have had, owing to lack of currency, largely to restrict their climbing to guideless ascents. This is all right, but it greatly increases the potential number of accidents. Anything, therefore, which teaches wisdom and common sense to the young mountaineer is to be welcomed, which is why I warmly recommend, not merely to beginners but to more experienced Alpinists, "Introduction to Mountaineering," by Showell Styles (Seeley Service; 15s.). This is another volume in the Beaufort Library and a most worthy addition to it. The author is at considerable pains to demonstrate, both in the text and with the aid of photographs, the right and the wrong ways of mountaineering. He gives a wealth of detailed hints, including a most valuable chapter on equipment. As I say, this is a book which is a most important addition to the literature of this ever more popular sport.

A large number of illustrations in it are taken from our own domestic, but by no means necessarily easy, rock climbs in Wales. I hope I shall not be accused of stirring up domestic dissension when I say that for me North Wales is incomparably more attractive than South Wales—a fact which can well be judged by "The Queen's Wales—North Wales," by H. L. V. Fletcher (Hodder and Stoughton; 15s.). Mr. Fletcher deals lovingly with the ancient kingdom, and with its component parts—Anglesey, Caernarvonshire, Denbighshire, Flintshire, Merionethshire and Montgomeryshire. North Wales is a country rich in tradition, in history and in legend, and of great natural beauty. This, I gather, is the first of two volumes he is writing on Wales, and if its successor is as satisfying as the present, it will be something to look forward to.

Queen Salote of Tonga had, of course, an immense success at the time of the Coronation, when she won there has been a considerable interest aroused in her enchanted Pacific islands. The latest book is by Mr. J. S. Neill, C.M.G., the author of "Ten Years in Tonga" (Hutchinson; 12s. 6d.). Mr. Neill was the British Agent and Consul in Tonga for the period he mentions, and as Queen Salote says in her foreword: "When he was appointed to another office I parted with him with many regrets, as I knew that we were losing a friend who understood and loved Tonga." Out of his knowledge and friendship for the country Mr. Neill has written a most agreeable and attractive book. He traces the history of the island from the early times, where the lines between history and legend are blurred and confused, to the present day.

The islands are happy hunting-grounds for the anthropologist, and for those with pet ethnic theories, and Mr. Neill's quick eye for a strange custom and its significance is one of the more pleasing aspects of a pleasing book. Alas, that Tonga is so far away! As described by Mr. Neill, it must be a delightful spot, and its Queen (if it is not *lèse majesté* to say so) is a dear.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

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"THE INFANTA ISABELLA-CLARA-EUGENIA, ARCHDUCHESS OF AUSTRIA"; BY SIR ANTHONY VAN DYCK (1599-1641). (Canvas; 56 by 45 ins.)

Recent acquisitions by the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, are on view at Agnew's Old Bond Street Galleries until May 28. In 1945, acquisitions by the Gallery between 1935-45 were shown at the National Gallery, and the current display brings the story of its expansion up to date. The exhibition has been organised by the Libraries, Museums and Arts Committee in conjunction with Messrs. Agnew, who have generously lent their galleries. Proceeds from admission charge and catalogue sales (both at 2s.) are being

given to the National Art-Collections Fund. Acquisitions include works by contemporary painters, such as Augustus John, Sir Matthew Smith and Lucian Freud, as well as Old Masters. The Rembrandt was presented by the directors of the Ocean Steam Ship Company, acting as Trustees of certain funds, in 1953; and the Van Dyck of Philip II's daughter, Regent of the Netherlands, by the Royal Insurance Company in 1954. Lawrence's portrait of Thomas William Coke was bequeathed by Mrs. Agnes M. Roscoe in 1950.



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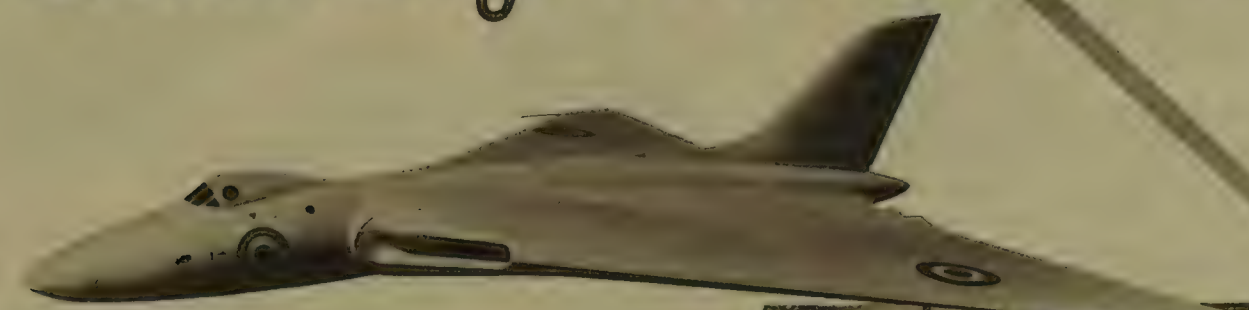
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
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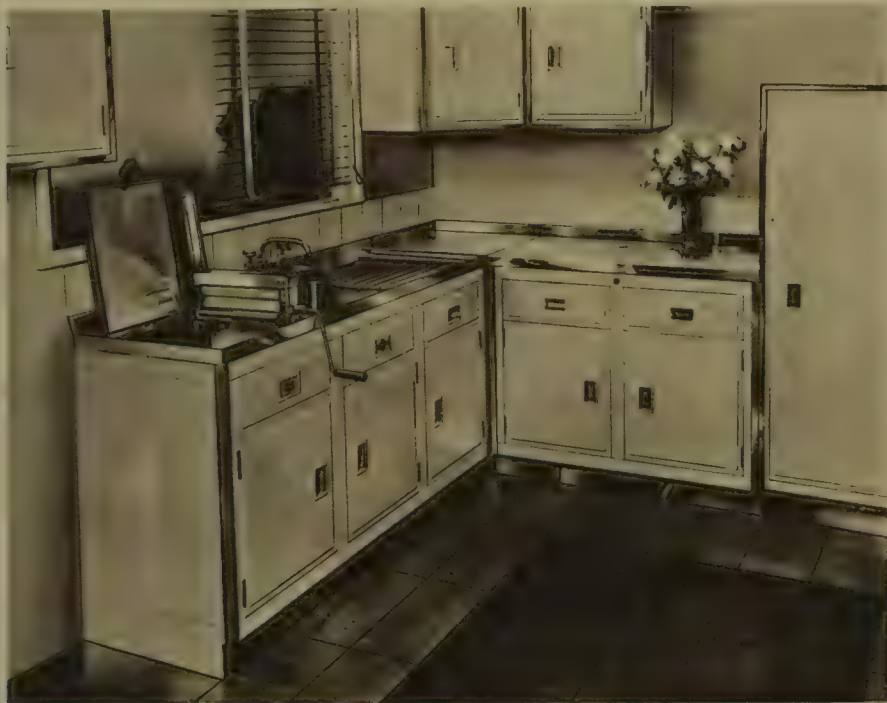
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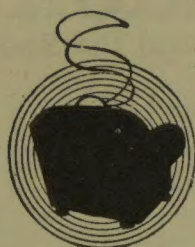


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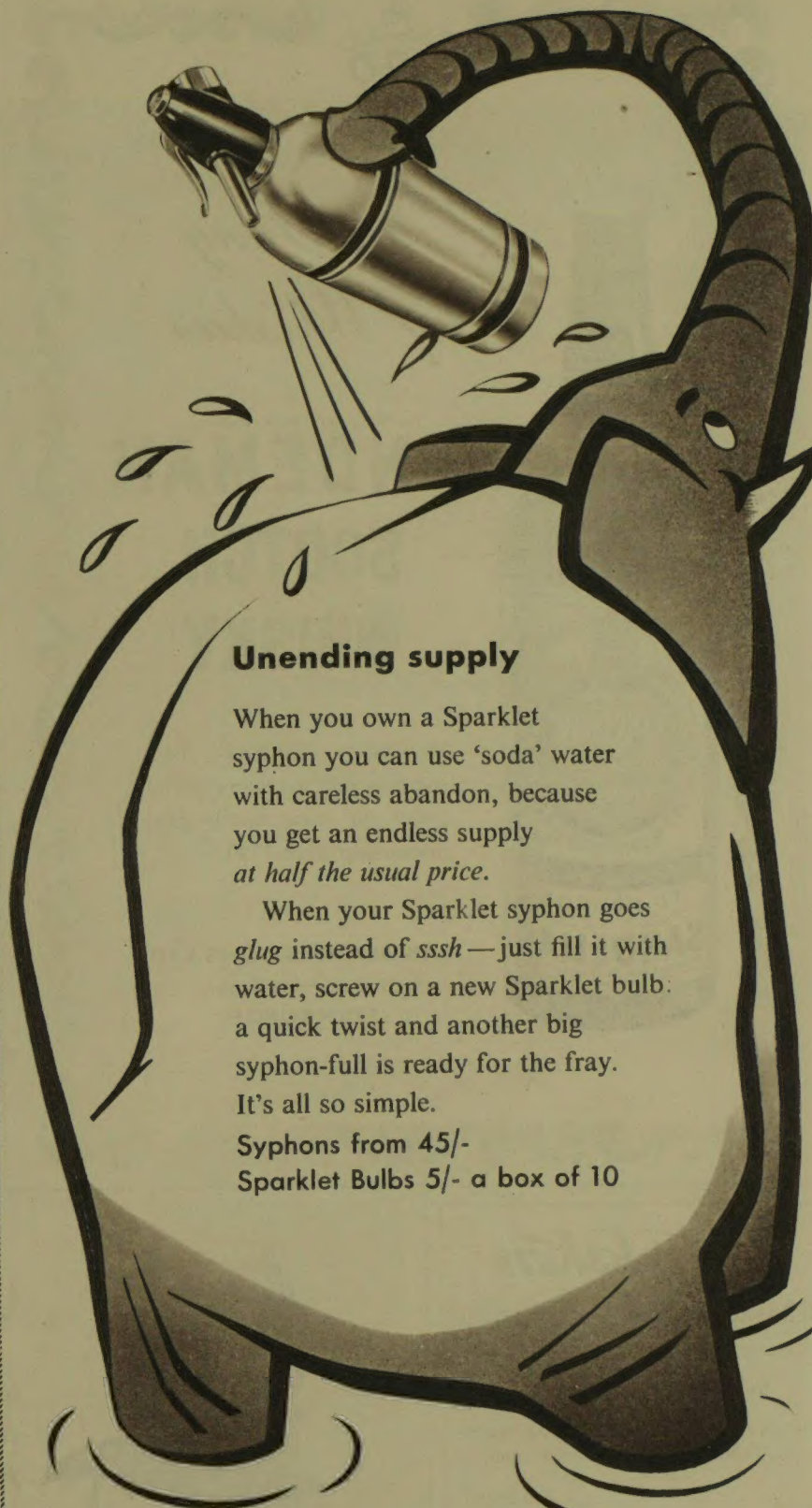
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May Day, the first day of this supposedly merry month, has a special significance to the people of Ilford, Essex. On May 1st, 1824, the entire skeleton of a mammoth was found there. And . . . which makes antiquarians of Ilford offer their autographs with a superior air to the dittos of Piltdown in Sussex. . . the Ilford mammoth was/is no forgery. Where now is Ilford High Road, the Ilford Cricket Ground, and the main Ilford Midland Bank, there must authentically have roamed at least one hairy great beast with tip-tilted tusks. Do not think harshly of Ilford's mammoth. It must have had a mother. It may indeed have *been* a mother. It knew some sort of massive love. If the (then) people of (what is now) Ilford chased it with bows, arrows and rude weapons, it may also have known hate. But that its skeleton was found complete suggests that it died there unmolested by meat-hunters, and simply sank into the ooze. Other towns celebrate other events on May Day. Moscow has a military parade in its Red Square. Oxford has choir-singing in the dawn at the top of Magdalen Tower. Why should the men of Moscow and Oxford alone look round for applause on that day? Ilfordians, without undue chauvinism, can hold their heads high, too. Whether they all remember to do so, is another matter.



Some of the demands upon our purses arrive, like May Day, with clockwork regularity. There is no risk that such items as rent and subscriptions will be overlooked when payment is arranged through the Midland Bank Standing Order Service.

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A

B

C

D



ARE ENORMOUSLY RICH **SCHWEPPSANS** ALTHOUGH THERE IS A SORT OF ABORIGINES WHO LIVE IN MUD HUTS AND HAVE ONLY PRE-1950 AUTOMOBILES

*Shell Nature Studies*EDITED BY
JAMES FISHER

NO.

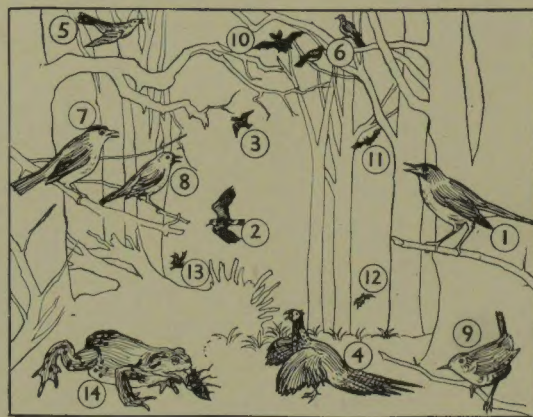
5

Dawn Chorus in MAY*Painted by Maurice Wilson in collaboration with Rowland Hilder*

WHEN THE MAY SUN COMES TO THE BLUEBELL WOOD at about five o'clock, the dawn chorus is already over. It is a before-dawn chorus really, for it begins at half-past-three, reaches its greatest variety and volume by four, is over (save the song of a few late-comers) by half-past-four. The nightingale (1) singer of night and day, gives the opening bars of the overture; the first day-bird to sound is often the lapwing (2) who may cry an hour and a half before sunrise, before there is enough light to see the flowers. Soon after should come the skylark (3). An hour before dawn a cock pheasant (4) begins to crow, the first male cuckoo (5) calls and wood-pigeons (6) coo. Quickly after them come the first songs of the warblers; our wood has blackcap (7) and garden-warbler (8). At about ten-past-four a cock wren (9) bursts into its explosion of hurried music in the underwood.

Bats fly at dawn as well as dusk; highest at the wood-edge hovers the long-eared bat (10) which often hunts the foliage at the ends of tree-top branches; at mid-height the pipistrelle (11), our commonest bat, flits on shallow wing-beats; near the ground, under the trees, Natterer's bat (12) flies slowly and steadily, and the lesser horse shoe-bat (13) flutters and glides in a moth-like style.

On the ground the common toad (14) eats a violet ground-beetle; few insects that wander within range of its darting tongue escape.



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